
The Improvement Era
Centennial
SEPTEMBER 1947



For my dream house — this new gas kitchen — perfect!



An automatic GAS range keynotes the MODERN kitchen

Today's "CP" automatic gas range has *everything*. It's as beautiful as it is practical . . . as modern as it is time-tested. * Visit your gas company or appliance dealer and see the new models. Observe the self-lighting burners . . . the lively blue flame that leaps from low-simmer to quick-boiling at a finger-touch, or gives you *any* degree of heat between. * See the flame-perfect smokeless broiler . . . the automatic oven-heat control . . .the mechanical-brain clock control that cooks a whole meal *while you're away*. * Inquire about the new kitchen-ventilator that whisks away vapors, odors, greases, resulting from all cooking by any method. * See and compare . . . because we cannot begin to enumerate here all the reasons why you, too, will prefer a fully automatic *gas* range for cooking!

See your **GAS** *appliance dealer or*

MOUNTAIN FUEL SUPPLY CO.

EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

A NEW one-step photographic process has been announced by Edwin H. Land. Finished positive pictures are produced directly from the camera in about one minute after the exposure. A positive paper strip is rolled against the exposed negative with a reagent in between which develops the negative and forms the positive at the same time. When the two strips are peeled apart both are essentially dry.

A NEW baby crib sheet is shaped to slip over the corners of the mattress eliminating hospital corners and pins.

MOSQUITOES find their way to their human victims by the odor of the human breath. This is the conclusion drawn from experiments at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

AN effective sunburn jelly was developed during the war by a project at General Electric Company. The best protection found against the sun was a dark red veterinary petrolatum, once used to treat collar gall on horses. The jelly gives protection without irritating the skin and does not rub off.

A SPECIFIC CURE named prostigmine, short for neostigmine methyl sulfate, for the bite of the black widow spider has been announced by Drs. J. E. Bell and J. A. Blone.

A SHARK REPELLENT has been developed by the United States Navy. The effective chemical is copper acetate.

THE first stamp, the "Penny Black," was issued in 1840 by Great Britain. An estimated 13,370 different stamps have been issued since of which the United States is responsible for 5,330.

GREECE has an undeveloped potential hydroelectric power almost as great as the Hoover Dam.

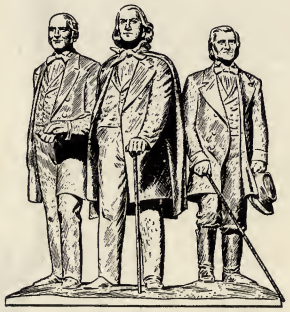
A SAVING of five percent in fuel results from using a smoke eliminator on coal-burning ships. Developed by the British Fuel Research Station to eliminate telltale smoke trails from convoys, the eliminator admits air over the fire to mix with and burn the tary vapors which produce smoke. The apparatus can be adapted for land boilers.



Advertisements like this, but in larger size, were published by Southern Pacific during July in major cities on the Pacific Coast as a tribute to Utah and its Pioneers.

UTAH DEDICATES A MONUMENT TO ITS FOUNDERS

A TRIBUTE TO BRIGHAM YOUNG and the Utah Pioneers



* * * THIS IS THE PLACE * * *

"The people who do not revere the deeds of their ancestors will never do anything to be remembered by their descendants" —MACAULAY

One hundred years ago Brigham Young looked down on the valley of Great Salt Lake, from the mouth of Emigration Canyon, and said, *"This is the place."*

With those words he chose for his followers the "land no other people would want."

Brigham Young and the pioneers who carved the state of Utah out of desert wilderness were brave, hard-working, ingenious men.

They had to be.

When plows broke trying to pierce the arid soil, they dammed City Creek and began the first systematic irrigation in America. When killing frosts destroyed their first crops, they stolidly replanted, meanwhile living on a "a few greens, thistle and other roots." They successfully withstood plagues of crickets, the lure of California's gold fields, rebuffs to their pleas for statehood and much other adversity. They laid a firm foundation for the great state that is Utah today.

Commemorating the arrival of Brigham Young and his Mormon followers, the mountain men, Catholic fathers and others who came earlier, a magnificent monument has been erected at the spot where Young made his Great Decision, just east of Salt Lake City. Appropriately, it will be dedicated Thursday, July 24, marking the end of the first century since the pioneers entered the valley. The dedication will be the high spot of Utah's Centennial year.

Southern Pacific is proud of the part it has played in the development of Utah. Our history is linked to Utah's since the driving of the Golden Spike at Promontory in 1869—when east and west were united for the first time by transcontinental railroad. As a part of that pioneer railroad to serve Utah, we are especially proud to join the people of this great state in saluting its founding fathers.

You'll enjoy your visit to

UTAH'S CENTENNIAL

This year Utah is celebrating 100 years of progress with a great Centennial. Here are just a few of the events scheduled between now and September: U. S. Archery Meet, auto racing on Bonneville Salt Flats, U. S. Horseshoe Championship, Western Open Golf Championship, rodeos, fairs, stock shows, a lavish pageant-drama depicting the life and struggles of the Mormon pioneers, and many sporting events. With everything from football games to Christmas Nativity dramas, there will be something doing in Utah practically every week for the rest of the year.

Utah extends a cordial invitation to you to visit and participate in the Centennial celebration. You'll see the completed monument, colorful pageantry, and scenery of unbelievable beauty. Salt Lake City, itself, is an intensely interesting city.

Southern Pacific offers convenient train service for your trip to Ogden and Salt Lake City. See the High Sierra and Reno on the way, cross Great Salt Lake by rail on the spectacular Lucin Causeway. It's a trip you'll always remember.



Dedication of the "This Is the Place" *monument will be on July 24. The monument is 86 feet wide and more than 60 feet high.*

S•P The friendly Southern Pacific

THESE TIMES



By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM
Director of the Institute of Government, University of Utah

ONE popular writer has fortified the statement of the atomic scientists "that there is no adequate defense *in the world*" against atomic bombs, by suggesting a defense *outside* the world, to be achieved by means of a new, ultra-super "Manhattan Project." By expending over two billion dollars during the war, we produced the atomic bomb. By setting aside other billions, it is now suggested that man, following the radar signals of one year ago, *could reach the moon within five years* and use it as a base to dominate the world in the Atomic Age! Needless to say, this crass suggestion urges that the United States be the nation to reach, hold, and maintain the moon-base.

WHAT is your answer to the question of atomic energy? Universal love for one's fellow men on a universal scale would solve the problem. But how do you get it and get it in time? To date the principle of brotherly love has not prevented men from dying of gunshot wounds, bows and arrows, swords and spears, or even automobiles.

If the same "free agents" who kill with guns, automobiles, swords, and spears are handed atomic weapons, can the world be safe? An automobile or gun kills its dozens, but an atomic weapon can reduce the race.

IN August 1945, the President of the United States went on the air and spoke the following words:

> Sixteen hours ago an American airplane dropped one bomb on Hiroshima, an important Japanese army base. That bomb had more power than 20,000 tons of TNT. . . . It is an atomic bomb. It is a harnessing of the basic power of the universe.

THUS began the Atomic Age. A year later when this column made its first appearance, the reader's attention was called to man's effort to provide political and moral harness for this "basic power of the universe." A comparison was made between the American-Baruch plan for control of atomic energy and the U.S.S.R.-Gromyko plan. On March 16, 1946, the United States Department of State published "A Report on the International Control of Atomic Energy." This report, commonly called the Acheson-Lilenthal Report, was the basis for the Baruch Report made to the Security Council of the U.N. and discussed in this column of one year ago. To date the Atomic Energy commission of the U. N. has made little progress in providing political controls for this new and devastating weapon.

ADVOCATES of world government and world federal government have appeared in numbers since the President's fateful broadcast of August 1945. These advocates hailed the Baruch plan first, as a practical means of solving the problem of atomic energy control, and second, as the entering wedge for a limited world government. On the other hand, some now say that the U.N. is a failure, that it was only a facade behind which the Soviet Union could "cooperate" while spreading its domination through Europe and Asia, and as a result of this view these critics are waiting for the next negative step.

THE problem of atomic weapons has to be solved. General Eisenhower has established an especially selected study group on the general staff of the United States Army for the sole purpose of attempting to imagine, visualize, and perhaps conjure up means of defense to suit the new technology. The Atomic Scientists, Inc., however, state that there is *no* defense, military or scientific, against the atomic bomb.

Improvement Era Subscribers . . .

The ERA gives you much of the best current CHURCH LITERATURE. Within its covers you find each month authoritative material written or spoken by our Church leaders.

Has it occurred to you what priceless gems of theology, poetry and down-to-earth gospel you have in the year-by-year volumes of this magazine...

Why not preserve them for your future reference and your childrens edification? We urge you to do so.

Single volumes (12 numbers) bound in durable, attractive, blue cloth binding, stamped in gold $2.25 each, plus postage.

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29 Richards Street, Salt Lake City

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RETURNED MISSIONARIES: You are allowed special rates.

FALL TERM BEGINS TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

Write for detailed information

L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

70 North Main Salt Lake City

The Cover

AMONG the multitudinous expressions of the Utah Centennial celebration, perhaps nothing better reflects the momentous occasion than the majestic rotunda of the Utah State Capitol Building representing a cherished ideal of the pioneers—a free and protective government. Centennial Queen is Calleen Robinson, of American Fork, Utah, who was selected by the Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

The photograph was taken by Marvin Boyer, and it was adapted for cover use by Charles Jacobsen.

General Conference Notice

Oct. 3, 4, 5, 1947

THE 118th semi-annual general conference of the Church will convene in the Tabernacle October 3, 4, and 5. As in years passed, the November issue of *The Improvement Era* will report conference proceedings.

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"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

Official Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations, Department of Education, Music Committee, Ward Teachers, and Other Agencies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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SUMMER BEACH

By Pauline Havard

Put the summer in
your heart
With the warm, pink
shell
You find along the
sun-bright beach;
Heed the surf's deep
bell.
Let no beauty go unsavored,
For, when summer's
gone,
To you who pocket
loveliness
This hour will linger
on.
Sea song, children's
distant laughter
Are quietly but sure
Building Memory's
shining rafter,
Fashioned to endure.

Change of Address:

Fifteen days' notice required for change of address. When ordering a change, please include address slip from a recent issue of the magazine. Address changes cannot be made unless the old address as well as the new one is included.

Executive and Editorial Offices:

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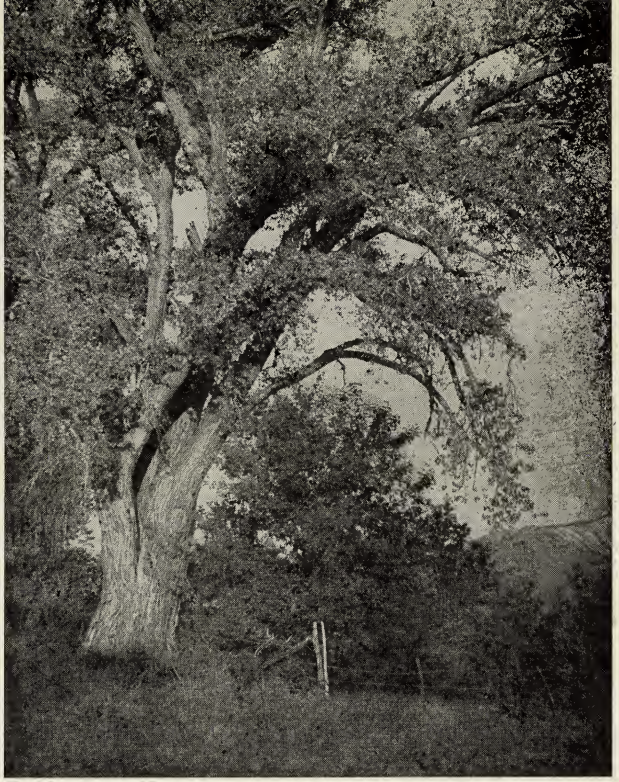
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The Improvement Era is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, but welcomes contributions.

All manuscripts must be accompanied by sufficient postage for delivery and return.



—Photograph from a collection of Harrison R. Merrill

Patriarchal Tree

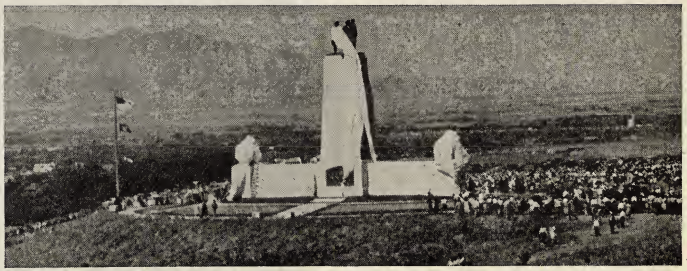
By
DOROTHY J.
SARTORI

Do you remember hands that set you here
Beside this hillside streamlet, Pioneer?
Were you a Nauvoo seedling stowed away,
A touch of home for one who feared the gray
Of sage and kept your slender root-hairs damp
Through wracking tedium of trail and camp?
They who bore you to this knoll have passed
To mounts uncircled by canals. You are the last;
You stand apart, stoic as an aged brave
Left by his tribe, alone, to wait the grave.

Old Patriarch, the dipper is spilling down
The sapphire evening to cool your crown.
Though time has deeply furrowed this gray bark,
Your mighty trunk is still locked to the dark
Of earth, and every wide, far-reaching bough
Looms large as a mountain fir. We mark you now
As you have marked this long-unfurrowed hill.
We leave you to this constant stream and the will
Of God, to ring this season, ancient tree,
Beneath your cambium, the century.

"This Is The Place"

(As Chairman of the "This Is the Place" monument commission, President George Albert Smith presided at the dedication. Following are his introductory remarks.)



THIS MORNING is the culmination of a great expectation. One hundred years ago today there came out of this canyon a group of people, 143 men, three women, and two children, of the original band that left Winter Quarters.

When they came here and looked out over this valley, they saw what you can see this morning, minus all the vegetation and all the houses and development now visible.

What they beheld was a wilderness. But they came to make a home; they came with the promise of the Prophet Joseph Smith that they would become a mighty people in the midst of this country and of these mountains. Now we see what has happened.

During the last few years, and during the last few months particularly, a group of your fellow citizens have been working under the direction of the governor of the state to prepare something that will be permanent so far as permanency can be, from material things, and so this monument was begun. In order to get the very best, we looked around over the country; in fact we looked around over the world, and we decided that a descendant of Brigham Young, who had established his reputation in the world as a sculptor and builder, should create this monument. And it was agreed with Mahonri M. Young that he should undertake it, and he has been working faithfully ever since. We are grateful that he has succeeded so well. And we are sure that you, with him, are delighted with the result.

The monument itself is finished, and this day, with the blessing of our Heavenly Father, it will be dedicated.

We have several of our associates, citizens of this country, men who are faithful and have done great work in many ways, with us. Some of them will be on the program. It is not possible for us to hear them all.

I may say to you that among those that you do not see is the son of Washakie, the Indian Chieftain. Charles Washakie is over there by the monument with his wife and granddaughter. In other words, we have two generations of the Washakie family here, and we are glad they are here because they will find on that monument a heroic statue of Washakie, the great Indian who said to those who wanted to have him discourage the people from settling here and to drive them out: "I have never encouraged my people to destroy the white men," and he refused to be a party to such proceedings. He was always the friend of the white man, and we welcome Charles Washakie with his wife and granddaughter here this morning on equal terms with all the rest of those who are honored.

A Message from HARRY S. TRUMAN * * *

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

(The following telegram was read at the monument dedication by Herbert B. Maw, Governor of Utah.)

ONE of the great states of the Union had its beginning a hundred years ago when Brigham Young looked out over the valley of the Great Salt Lake and made his prophetic declaration: "This is the place."

On that memorable day when the vanguard of Latter-day Saints beheld for the first time the promised land, there had ended a 1,400-mile trek across the western country which will always stand as one of the greatest migrations in American history.

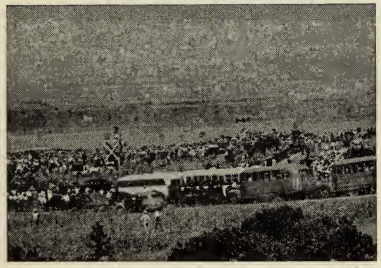
The courage, sagacity and religious zeal of Brigham Young inspired his followers to endure hunger and thirst, disease and a hundred privations incident to the long march through a desolate and hostile country.

But the valiant band triumphed and were joined later by the main body of Saints. Through their labors was fulfilled the prophecy of scripture and the desert was made to blossom like the rose.

And now a hundred years later Utah stands in proud place among her sister commonwealths. Her rich agriculture, her business and industry, her pioneering in the social services, her zeal for education, and not the least, her men of wisdom and valiant women have given her a prestige unexcelled by any other state.

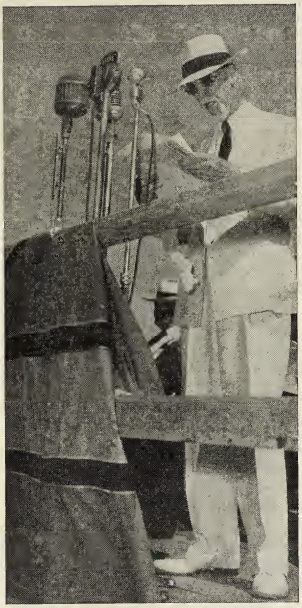
It gives me great pleasure to send hearty felicitations and warmest personal greetings to all who participate in this notable Centennary.

MONUMENT *Dedication*



AT THE DEDICATION

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH PRESIDED



DEDICATORY PRAYER

By
President George Albert Smith

OUR FATHER which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. We stand in thy presence this morning on this quiet hillside and look at a great monument that has been erected in honor of thy sons and daughters and their devotion to that which they thought would be beneficial to our country and the people who dwell here. We thank thee, our Heavenly Father, that this has been completed and that not one or two, but all of those who came in that early day are recognized as far as possible upon this monument.

We pray that we may be blessed with the same spirit that characterized those faithful ones who believed in thee and thy Beloved Son, who came into this valley because they desired to live here and worship thee. We pray that the spirit of worship and of gratitude may continue in our hearts.

We thank thee, Heavenly Father, that thou didst lead the children of Israel through the wilderness and into the Promised Land; that thou didst bring the Pilgrim Fathers to this Western Hemisphere, and that others followed them, so that all through North and South America there are thy children who love thee and honor thee and thy name.

We are grateful that thou didst raise up the men who gave to us the Constitution of the United States, that under thy inspiration it was written and has given to us peace and comfort and satisfaction insofar as we have honored and respected it and sought to be worthy of it.

Grant, O Lord, that all who dwell upon this great land of North and South America may look to thee and appreciate the blessings they enjoy, and grant, O Father, that the hearts of the people who dwell in the United States of America may be turned to righteousness, that they may appreciate what it means to dwell in a land favored above all other lands.

Grant, O Father, that the sons and daughters of these men and women may be reared in the spirit of prayer, thanksgiving, and virtue, that day by day this nation we live in will continue to be a light unto the world.

And, O Father, in the midst of confusion that is everywhere, the uncertainty, the doubt, the selfishness already referred to in this meeting —in the midst of these things, bless us in America, in this part of America, that we may repent of our foolishness, our lightmindedness and our wrongdoing, realizing, as we should, that all the blessings that are worth while may come to us only as a result of honoring thee and keeping thy commandments. The pathway of righteousness is the highway of peace. Help us, O Lord, to walk in that pathway.

Now in memory of those brave souls who pioneered the wilderness, who came here not only a hundred years ago, but who also came before and since, we stand today with our heads uncovered, with thanksgiving in our hearts. We pray that thou wilt bless their descendants, that they may cultivate the traits of character that were exemplified by their forebears and add to those ideals that this land may be blessed, and that men and women everywhere may realize that here is the true spirit of brotherhood.

While we dedicate this monument of stone, and while it has been embellished by the figures of thy children, we realize that these are all now at peace with one another. How can we, Heavenly Father, as we live in the world and enjoy the influence of thy Spirit, fail to be at peace with one another? Grant that we may remember the advice and counsel of thy Son when he was upon the earth, that we should love our neighbor as ourselves, and loving our neighbors as ourselves, that we will devote ourselves to doing the things that will enrich our lives.

Bless our nation and the world. With all our hearts we thank thee for thy favors bestowed upon us. We are blessed as no other people

(*Concluded on page* 627)

THE PIONEERS

By J. Reuben Clark, Jr.
OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

WE ARE here to pay tribute to the founders of this great inland empire in which we live in joy and plenty.

We are to dedicate a shaft and base, hewn from the eternal granite hills of this mountain refuge of our fathers—a shaft to stand for all time solemnly to witness and to testify of the honor, the respect, and the love we hold for those founders, for their great achievements, and for their sterling virtues that were more unyielding and enduring than the granite from which this shaft is wrought.

Great peoples and great commonwealths are not built in a day nor by a single adventure. They are the sum of many factors. They are slow-rising out of ceaseless work and a never-dying faith. So grew we in these valleys.

Thus our monument bears record of those first intrepid, tireless explorers, disciplined by hardship and exposure, Fathers Escalante and Dominguez and their companions, whose zeal for the cause they followed knew no bounds. Theirs were the first European eyes that beheld these valleys. We honor their bravery and courage, their willingness to sacrifice, their loyalty, their unplumbed devotion to duty, their faith; they gave happy promise of the qualities which made possible our glorious commonwealth.

Then came the trappers led by General Ashley, also Jim Bridger, the discoverer of Great Salt Lake, Kit Carson, Peter Skene Ogden, and the rest, who took first toll in furs from the natural riches of this mountain fastness, and who are immortalized in the names of mountains, valleys, and streams of this great area. They found the trails, the low passes, the traversable gulches, ravines, and canyons, through which the settlers were able later to enter the valleys.

Other great explorers came to this vast wilderness and traversed its great expanse—Captain Bonneville, Father DeSmet, General Fremont, the "pathfinder," and others.

A host of mighty men all these were—brave, courageous, enterprising, adventurous, boon companions of hardship and privation, but with high resolve and indomitable wills. As pioneers they were the ancestral kin of those who followed in the next years.

THE immigrants came after these, first as a tiny trickle which soon swelled into a great stream rushing towards the golden sands of California and the rich soils of the northwest. Of these, so long as memory lasts, we shall ponder and shudder over the hardships, the disease, and the starvation of the Donner party, perishing in the driving snows of the upper Sierras. We shall always hold them in grateful remembrance for they blazed the trail across plains and through mountains which led our Pioneers to these peaceful valleys.

Next came those of whose arrival this is the one hundredth anniversary.

First coming were the scouts that led the advance party of the Pioneers, Brothers Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow. They shouted aloud for joy when "issuing from the mountains among which they had been shut up for many days" their eyes rested upon the broad expanse of this valley. They came on July 21, 1847. On the following day, July 22, another group entered, including Brothers George A. Smith, John Brown, Joseph Matthews, John Pack, O. P. Rockwell, J. C. Little, and "one other." The main body of the caravan followed. Then, on the 24th came the brethren whose heroic figures crown this great shaft, Brother Brigham and his faithful associates, Brothers Heber C. Kimball and Wilford Woodruff.

Nor should we forget that on the east side of this monument we now dedicate there stands a statue of Chief Washakie, a great Indian, a stalwart friend of the Pioneers, their protector against raids by hostile tribes.

The first party of Pioneers included 143 men, three women, and two children. But this valiant, adventurous group was but a vanguard of thousands that were to follow, some hundreds in the same year, and thousands in the years that came after.

Brother Brigham and his band came to a foreign land, over which floated a foreign flag. They came driven from their native land and from under their own flag by armed mobs who burned their homes and robbed them of the belongings that, fleeing, they left behind. Yet, arrived in the new home, our Pioneers raised the flag of the homeland from which they had been expelled. They set up a protecting government with the rights and liberties that, in their old home, had been guaranteed by their beloved Constitution, but which they had not enjoyed. From that moment when they raised the stars and stripes until now, they have cherished these rights and liberties and the free institutions which were established by that Constitution. They affirm that the Constitution was written under the inspiration of the Almighty. They strive so to uphold it. Their patriotism has for them the sanction of the King of kings, God Almighty himself.

TODAY, Brother Brigham's grandson, Mahonri Young, has made this heroic monument, which, in its simple beauty, its understanding concept, its high artistry of execution, its enduring bronze and granite, completely typifies the greatness of each and all the heroes whom he so helps to immortalize. We thank you, Mahonri, as your grandfather would thank you, for this glorious tribute to him and to those who worked with him, as well as to all those who passed this way before

"God shapes his servants

he came. This is a monument not only to all these, but to you, yourself. We again express our thanks and our congratulation.

We can but reflect in this sacred hour that God's ways are not always man's ways, and that he moves in a mysterious way to perform his wonders.

Even at the knees of our mothers, we learned how God stretched out his hand to protect Israel in her flight from an enslaving Egypt to the Promised Land; how his benign spirit brooded over and safeguarded the Pilgrim Fathers seeking where they might worship him as their consciences should direct; how he sustained, preserved, and magnified this modern Israel, who, fleeing blood-thirsty mobs, found a haven of refuge in the barren wilderness of the Great Basin.

One thing in common all these peoples had in their search for freedom to worship God—a schooling in hardship, persecution, sacrifice that burned out from their souls the dross, leaving in them only the pure gold of loftiest character and faith, fully tried, tested, refined. God has never worked out his purposes through the pampered victims of ease and luxury and riotous living. Always he has used to meet the great crises in his work, those in whom hardship, privation, and persecution had built characters and wills of iron. God shapes his servants in the forge of adversity; he does not fashion them in the hothouse of ease and luxury.

So, one hundred years ago an ox-drawn wagon train crawled wearily down the sun-parched benchland to the valley floor. A day later, the whitetop drawing their fever-stricken leader, came up over the rise at the canyon's mouth to this spot. Brother Woodruff turned the whitetop half round. Raising up on his elbow, Brother Brigham looked out upon the scene before him—scorched uplands sloping to a baked plain, beyond and about dun, slightly wooded mountains—with a dead sea lying like shimmering silver to the northward. Here and there to the southward little rivulets of green trickled out of mountain gorges into the valley; they showed

(*Continued on page 625*)

in the forge of adversity"

The Meaning of "THIS IS THE PLACE" *Monument*

By David O. McKay
OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

PRESIDENT SMITH, Your Excellency Governor Maw, distinguished guests, people of Utah: Monuments are links that unite one generation to another. We assemble here today to unveil and dedicate one of the great monuments of the world. In some respects it is most unique and outstanding. It is a monument designated by a sentence.

In our country we have the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Monument, the Thomas Jefferson Monument, the Brigham Young Monument, and others erected to individuals. This monument is designated as "This is the Place" Monument.

Every sentence, or phrase serves two purposes; it denotes a certain thing; it also connotes, sometimes, many things. Abraham Lincoln, for example, denotes a long, tall, angular individual, but his name connotes the preservation of the Union and other historical events that are cherished by every true citizen of the United States. Let us consider for a moment or two what the phrase, "This is the place," connotes.

A hundred years ago today the great leader, President Brigham Young, looked over this valley and said: "This is the right place. Drive on." What did he have in mind when he said: "This is the place"?

By reading the reports of his sermons we find that he had in mind, first, the prophetic utterance of the man whom he loved, the Prophet Joseph, who said the Saints would go to the West, build cities, and become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains.

Secondly, when that great leader uttered the sentence, "This is the place," he had in mind that here they would find a place of refuge and peace.

Thirdly, he had in mind that from this center there would radiate to all the world a message of truth, insofar as it would be possible for that little band and those who followed them to declare that truth to the world, to establish brotherhood, peace, and above all, faith in God, our Father.

Fourthly, he had in mind to establish in this place worship, industry, education, and mutual service.

REGARDING the importance of education President Young said on one occasion soon after they entered the valley:

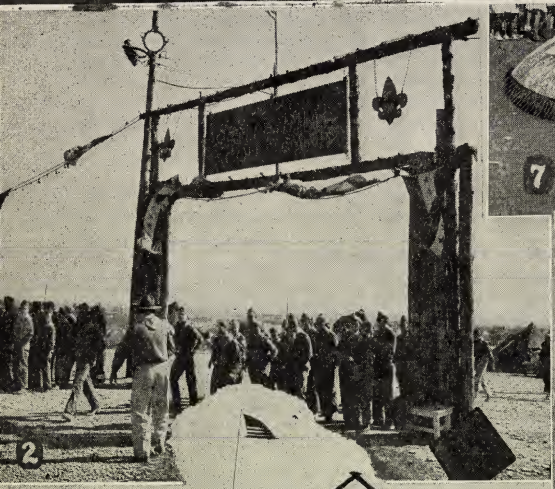
> First build your fort and protect yourselves from depredations. As soon as you have built your log house, let a sufficient number of rooms be appropriated for schools, furnished by the best teachers, and give every child among you an opportunity of continuing his education anew and see that he attends to it. That individual who has an opportunity to educate his children and does not, is not worthy to have children. Teach your children the principles of the kingdom that they may grow in righteousness.

Fulfilment of prophecy—a place of refuge and peace—a center from which would radiate the message of truth—a place wherein to establish true worship, industry, education, and service—these are some of the thoughts connoted in the mind of Brigham Young when, a century ago, he said: "This is the place!"

THE Centennial Commission, with all associated, have tried to commemorate these ideals in the celebration that has been carried on now since January 1, 1947. They commemorate first the building of cities and these commonwealths, and to that end the program has been carried forward to every hamlet and county in this state. They have tried to commemorate the fostering of education in music, art, drama, pageantry, and physical

(*Concluded on page 601*)






3G




UNITED STATES POSTAGE 3¢
"THIS IS THE PLACE"
1847 THE UTAH CENTENNIAL 1947




LIGHT OF THE WORLD



CENTENNIAL DAYS

CERTAINLY the symbol of the state of Utah—the honeybee—has been vindicated during this centennial summer. Something has been going on for everyone, and no matter how varied the interests or the desires there has been some activity that would interest each person.

Naturally the focus of attention reached its peak around July 24 with the dedication of the "This Is the Place" Monument in Emigration Canyon and the issuance of the centennial stamp. "This Is the Place" Monument was commemorated not only by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints but also by the other three leading churches of the community: the Catholic, the Episcopalian, and the Jewish. Most Reverend Duane G. Hunt, bishop of the Catholic diocese of Salt Lake City, stated: "Heroic virtues are universal, in the sense that they are not limited to any race or color, to any nationality or creed. Admiration for these virtues likewise is universal, at least it should be.

"The challenge lies for us today in a different field: Today the obstacles we confront are quite different from those of pioneers. We are called upon not so much to conquer the hardness of inanimate nature as the sinfulness of human nature. Our victories must be spiritual more than material."

Rt. Reverend Arthur Moulton of the Episcopal Church stated, "We are offering to the world . . . images of mighty pioneers, rugged and sturdy, invincible and faithful men of 1847, who under God made it possible for the men of 1947 to live in this good state in plenty, prosperity, and peace. . . . The pioneers . . . demanded freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, freedom of worship, freedom of press. In this new century which we mark so brilliantly today we too shall strike, sturdy and unafraid, for all those sacred freedoms which ennoble mankind. . . ."

Rabbi Alvin S. Luchs of the Jewish church stated that we today need the same virtues that the pioneers possessed. We need "men who fear God, men who tell the truth, and men who will not take a bribe. . . . We need more than anything else a return to a resuscitation of that religious morality which the pioneers of 1847 exemplified. . . . We have lost the sense of morality because we have lost the sense of God. I bespeak a return to those pioneer virtues for which our forebears cared, for which we today honor them and which virtues alone can be the means of the restoration of peace and sanity in our world."

IN dedicating the five hundred-acre state park which surrounds the "This Is the Place" Monument, Governor Herbert B. Maw promised that the state would obtain all the section of land from the monument to Emigration Canyon to be set aside as a memorial to the pioneers. Also to be preserved is a strip of land a mile wide, extending along the old Mormon Trail to Henefer, Utah, a distance of thirty-six miles.

The part of the state park containing the monument will be landscaped; the rest of the park, extending to Henefer, will be restored to the condition in which the Pioneers of '47 found it.

Added to the addresses of Presidents George Albert Smith, J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and David O. McKay (see pp. 570-573), the singing of the Boy Scouts who had been encamped at Fort Douglas, and the playing of the marine band made the dedication a stirring, solemn, and deeply satisfying experience.

The spiritual pageant, *The Message of the Ages,* presented in the Tabernacle from May 6 to June 6, nightly except for Sundays, was the first great centennial presentation. It was a veritable feast and a stimulus to those who attended. About 135,000 attended this presentation, and approximately 1,400 participated in the production.

The Scout camp also made the

(*Continued on page* 576)

1. The Sons of Utah Pioneers Centennial Trek caravan arriving in Salt Lake City.

2. Boy Scouts marching through the entrance to Centennial Scout camp.

3. The 3G Scout encampment from Arizona.

4. Boy Scouts from Canada.

5. The Utah Centennial postage stamp.

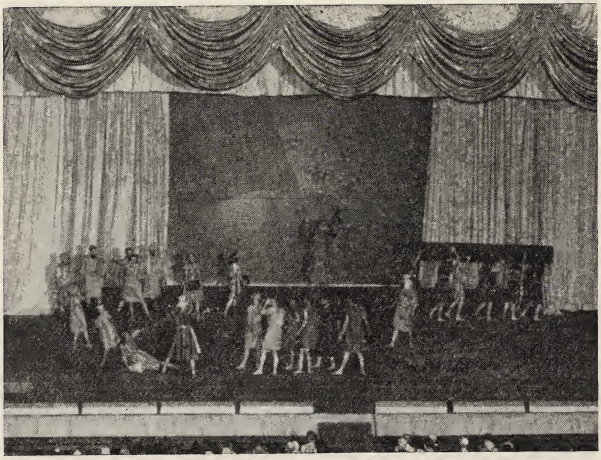
6. Boy Scouts from Juarez, Mexico.

7. Float entered by the Temple View L.D.S. Stake.

8. "This Is the Place" float entered in the Centennial parade by the auxiliary organizations of the Church.

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Right: A scene from the spiritual pageant, "The Message of the Ages," presented in the Tabernacle.



—Centennial pictures in this issue, courtesy "The Deseret News," Salt Lake "Tribune," Hal Rumel

(*Continued from page 575*)

centennial season noteworthy. For five busy days nearly four thousand Boy Scouts of the Church camped on the historic Pioneer Trail near the mouth of Emigration Canyon. They came from Mexico and Canada, from Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. And they came in every kind of transportation available. There were Scouts who had just turned twelve and had met the minimum requirements only, and there were Senior Scouts who had achieved every rank and honor possible.

Time was at a premium at the centennial camp. The Scouts participated in the parade of July 23, in the unveiling of the "This Is the Place" Monument, on July 24, and assisted the police in handling traffic on July 24. They moreover enjoyed a great Scout jamboree in the East High School stadium as well as other features of the centennial celebration and of the region in which they were camped.

Four thousand Scouts and scouters came to Salt Lake City with the avowed purposes of honoring the pioneers and celebrating the centennial, and to extend the brotherhood of man—to be a "brother to every other Scout." And four thousand Scouts and scouters returned to their homes with these purposes gloriously achieved!

OTHER monuments were also dedicated, one a granite shaft with a plaque commemorating the first pioneer campsite on the northeast corner of the City and County Building grounds, dedicated July 23; a five ton granite monument to Captain James Brown, founder of Brownsville, now Ogden, which was dedicated July 29, and one honoring Lorin Farr, Ogden's first mayor, August 14, both on the Ogden City and County Building grounds. Daughters of the Pioneers were responsible for the dedication of the monuments. On the 24th of July, a plaque was also dedicated in the Utah State Capitol to the 252 living immigrant pioneers who had entered the valley prior to May 10, 1869.

To many philatelists the special accomplishment of this Centennial year was the permission granted by the United States post office to print a centennial stamp honoring the Mormon pioneers. Postmaster I. A. Smoot stated that almost half a million first-day covers were handled by the Salt Lake office, where the stamps were placed on sale July 24. At other post offices they were sold on July 25.

A special luncheon introduced the stamp, at which Postmaster I. A. Smoot was host. The official speaker was Joseph J. Lawler, third assistant postmaster general. Other speakers included President David O. McKay and Most Reverend Duane G. Hunt.



FOR lighter moments there was also plenty to do and see. Parades were the order of the day throughout the cities and towns of the intermountain west. In Salt Lake City the first parade was of the modern-day covered wagons which arrived July 22. (See page 578 for story.) The second parade was on the morning of July 23, begun when a formation of P-51 pursuit ships roared a salute over the city. The first of more than twenty-five bands in the parade was the United States Marine Band from San Diego. It was followed by the official cars bearing the Governor of Utah, the First Presidency of the Church, and the Centennial officials.

Horsewomen in colorful Spanish costumes were followed by the Pasadena City College "Tournament of Roses" band. Girls in native costumes from twenty countries of the world were next. Then came centennial queen, Calleen Robinson, and her two attendants, Marie Burnett and Mary Louise Gardner. The second section of the parade depicted Utah before the coming of settlers. The third section featured early pioneer history and developments. Section four represented the building of the Salt Lake Temple and the City and County Building.

The fifth division represented the industry of the present-day world. The evening of July 24 the parade was repeated with these same floats but included many additional floats that had been used in near-by Utah cities which came now to enter this great centennial parade. The sixth division, entered on the evening of July 24, included the county queens and their floats.

EVEN the parades did not spell the end of the festivities. The giant exposition at the fair grounds which has been open since June 2 had special features that attracted the crowd in a holiday mood. To date this exposition has attracted 425,000 visitors, and it is estimated that one million will have attended before the closing date of September 20. Special attractions such as Holiday on Ice, the million dollar art exhibit, the Water Follies of 1947, and other features have added to the regular exposition activities and exhibits.

Promised Valley has been one of the rare treats of this centennial summer. Opening July 21, this moving musical, the libretto of which was written by Arnold Sundgaard and the music by Crawford Gates, with dances devised by Helen Tamiris, attracted 85,000 persons because of its excellence. The closing date of August 10 left many persons disappointed—for those who had been unable to see it, and for those who, having seen it once, desired to see it again. It would be impossible in a few words to sum up the magnificence of this musical, but the greatness of its theme can be indicated: the oneness of the membership of the Church, the feeling of responsibility of each person for the group as a whole.

FROM Temple Square the report comes that during six days of the Centennial week, 58,597 visitors went there, and since it was closed on July 24th, the actual numbers who participated in the Centennial

The GATHERING *of the* GOVERNORS

A SIGNAL Centennial event was the gathering of the governors of the sovereign states, and of the territories, of the United States, in Salt Lake City, during the week of July 13.

And one of the significant events of the Governors' Conference was the supper and reception for them and their families and their official following, including press representatives from throughout the nation, at the home of President George Albert Smith, on the evening of Tuesday, July 15, 1947.

The governors arrived at President Smith's residence, 1302 Yale Avenue, after a parade through downtown Salt Lake City, in open cars, with motorcycle convoy. They were received in line by President Smith, his two daughters and sons-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Murray Stewart, and Mr. and Mrs. George O. Elliot, and two granddaughters, Misses Martha Stewart and Nancy Elliot. They were also informally greeted on this occasion by the General Authorities of the Church, and by many other invited guests.

After being received by the President and his family, the governors and other guests were served a buffet supper and were seated in the gardens surrounding the President's home. The earlier storm which had threatened, passed over to leave a delightful sunset and a pleasantly cool summer setting.

After the supper, and brief greetings and a song or two, the governors left to attend a Centennial rodeo at the State Fair Grounds, with some of them lingering after the main party had departed.

ANOTHER major event of the Governors' Conference was a Centennial service of song given for them on Sunday evening, July 13, in the Tabernacle, by the Tabernacle choir, with Helen Traubel, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Association.

Greetings on this occasion were given by President George Albert Smith and Governor Herbert B. Maw, with an opening prayer by President David O. McKay of the First Presidency, and introductions by Lester F. Hewlett, president of the Tabernacle choir. Many comments of appreciation for this performance were voiced by the governors on the occasion of President Smith's reception, and also at other times. The Tabernacle choir was conducted by J. Spencer Cornwall with Alexander Schreiner at the organ.

The governors spent an intensively active four days in their meetings at the Hotel Utah and in seeing many things there are to see in and around Salt Lake City.

One cannot contemplate these events without contrasting 1847 and 1947. A hundred years ago our pioneer parents were driven as an outcast people, deprived not only of constitutional rights but also of humanitarian consideration.

And now, in 1947, the governors of our great nation share with us our hospitality in homes and hostelries made possible by those same pioneers.

Words fail in expression of gratitude for what has been done under the guidance of the Lord God in the century commemorated by this Centennial.



President Smith receiving the governors assisted by his daughters, Mrs. Robert M. Stewart (left), and Mrs. George O. Elliot.

Centennial Days

week would undoubtedly have been much greater if a check had been made on that day. More people visited the Block in July 1947 than they did in any year from 1925 to 1935—183,139.

A nation, grateful to Utah for her contributions, has finally come to recognize the greatness of Brigham Young who led the long trek westward. To indicate that appreciation, it has authorized the placing of a statue of Brigham Young in the Hall of Fame, at Washington, D.C. This statue is to be made by Brigham Young's grandson, Mahonri M. Young, who also created the statuaries of "This Is the Place" Monument. It will be made of Italian carrara marble, and Mr. Young leaves in September for Florence, Italy, where the statue will be executed.

One feature of the celebration must be commended doubly—and that is the Tabernacle choir's centennial song services. During the long, hot summer months, the faithful choir members and their organists and leaders have worked that they might perfect rare programs for the enjoyment and uplift of the community. On a series of Sunday nights these song services have emphasized the spiritual factors in the movement which brought the pioneers westward to what was then a bleak land.

Their faith in God, their earnest desire to serve him lay behind all their sacrifices and their sufferings. We their descendants can do no better than to resolve that we too will accept their belief and try to live by it—benefiting as we have from their works!

The CENTENNIAL TREK



NOTE

THE reader, it is hoped, will pardon the personal references in this account of the Utah Centennial trek, which the author believes can best be described in diary form. Similar incidents in the course of the journey over the Mormon Pioneer Trail from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Salt Lake City were experienced by all 148 members of the group. Although recorded conversations are not for obvious reasons given verbatim, they are representative of the situations.—W.J.A.





Top: Trekkers pictured at historic Independence Rock.

Center: The caravan forms a night encirclement at Fort Bridger.

Bottom: The three women in the 1947 group were, left to right: Nora Player Richardson, Dorothy Kimball Keddington, and Ruth Fox Clawson Shields.

PART I

IT WAS a hot, humid afternoon when our gray-green car rolled under the welcoming shade of Nauvoo's spreading elms.

We had been four days coming from Salt Lake City to Nauvoo, starting point of the Utah Centennial Trek which was to follow the route of the Mormon Pioneers to the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

Our car needed greasing before beginning the journey the following Tuesday, July 15, 1947, so we steered it toward the public garage of Nauvoo's mayor, Lowell F. Horton. We knew that he operated such a place because we had seen a picture of him working at his business on the front page of an Iowa newspaper. It portrayed him with a beard, since under his leadership, Nauvoo businessmen had been growing beards for some weeks as a friendly gesture toward the Sons of Utah Pioneers sponsoring the commemorative trek.

As we drove down Nauvoo's one-street business center, we noticed attractive, freshly painted lettering in store windows. "Welcome, Mormons," "Welcome, Pioneers," the signs read. We noted that the lone

By Wendell J. Ashton COMPANY PRESIDENT OF THE CENTENNIAL TREK

theater was named "Mormon Theatre," and that it was featuring the seven-year-old film, *Brigham Young*.

There was an air of friendliness everywhere in this little town, whose streets were still lined, in spots, with the limestone curbing laid by the Saints more than a century before. We later discovered that people were happy to identify the many old two-story red brick homes—and one or two frame ones—sprinkled through the town. They were mansions of yesteryears, built by followers of the Prophet Joseph Smith before they were cruelly driven out by an angry mob in 1846.

WE found Mayor Horton, rather tall and broad, fortyish, suntanned and sincerely friendly and helpful. With his beard he had some resemblance to President James A. Garfield.

In subsequent conversations with Mayor Horton, as well as with other citizens of Nauvoo, there was often the expression, (or one similar), "Come back. We wish you Mormons would return. Then Nauvoo would really prosper again."

"Our population is now about twelve hundred," Mayor Horton told us.[1]

The temple site had been designated as the fitting-out place of the trekkers. Once enthroning the splendorous gray limestone edifice of the Church, the site is on a large dome-like eminence near Nauvoo's main street. The Church recently purchased a substantial portion of it, serving at the time as a baseball diamond, with lights overhead for permitting night play.

As my companion, D. James Can-





Top: Centennial caravan reaches "This Is the Place" Monument in Salt Lake City after motorcade from Nauvoo, Illinois.

Center: Trekkers dramatize Brigham Young's meeting with scouts, left to right, F. Alburn Shields, Acel Richardson, Earl Shipley, George A. McClellan, Donald B. Alder.

Bottom: Motorcade wends into Utah, following series of warm and enthusiastic welcomes by cities and towns in Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and Wyoming.



[1]When the Latter-day Saints arrived on the scene in 1839, the place was called Commerce, consisting of a stone dwelling, three frame ones, and two blockhouses. Much of it was a malarial swamp. During their brief stay there, 1839-46, the Saints developed the largest city in Illinois, with nearly 20,000 people. A United States census in 1840, published in *Compendium of the Enumeration of the Inhabitants and Statistics of the United States*, by the United States Department of State, Washington, D.C., 1841, shows that the combined populations of the then four largest cities in Illinois scarcely exceeded half the population of Nauvoo in its prime several years later. The four cities and their populations were: Chicago, 4,470; Springfield, 2,579; Alton, 2,340; Quincy, 2,319. Total population for the four was 11,708. St Louis, a booming Mississippi River city at the time, had only 16,469 people. Cleveland's population was 6,071.

(*Continued on page* 580)

(*Continued from page 579*)

non, and I entered the lot, we were greeted with the clattering of hammers and the hoarse whining of busy saws. Everywhere were high-booted men, the trekkers themselves, fitting wagon boxes around shining cars, many of them sleek new post-war models.

"Better get busy," we thought we heard someone shout. "This is a twelve-hour job."

Nauvoo must have looked like this 101 years ago as the pioneers, rushing to flee the mobs, fitted out wagons for the journey to the Rocky Mountains, where the Prophet Joseph Smith had said, two years before his death, they would become a "mighty people."

Trekkers wore brown, tan, gray, and black hats, but most all were broad-brimmed. Many of them wore vests, some of leather and others of cloth. Trousers were tucked in boots. (Weeks before, Parley P. Giles, historian of the group, had prepared an illustrated circular for trekkers showing authentic pioneer clothes to wear.) There were young men and old ones, and all were busy, either fitting out their cars or greeting new arrivals.

In the center of the grass-floored field was the stock pile. There was a stack of long 2x4 boards, and small mounds of "U" bolts especially made for fastening "wagon boxes" to car bumpers. There were cans of specially made paint for the trek. It was for decorating wagon boxes and would dry in quick time. Near-by was a heap of canvas "wagon tops," all previously tailored. Then there was a pile of life-size plywood oxen for fitting alongside the car engines. Some were painted brown; others, gray; and some were spotted.

Willard R. Smith, designer of the simulated covered wagons and oxen, had arrived the previous day to meet the huge truck bringing all these supplies from Salt Lake City.

We noticed that one trekker, James E. Bacon, a Roosevelt, Utah, rancher, had completed his ensemble over his pickup truck. It looked smart, with its white canvas, green and red wagon box, and oxen. He had some extra touches, too; powder horn and muzzle loader which had crossed the plains with his pioneer forebears, and bells on the oxen's necks.

Brother Cannon and I pitched our white, peaked tent near an old hand water pump. Then we started building our "wagon" around the car. We are both newspapermen and poor mechanics. Aldon Anderson, Jr., waiting for his companion, with his car, to arrive from Denver, came to our rescue. We had the proper tools, for each man, before leaving home, had been given a list of the implements needed. But we needed someone like Brother Anderson, an attorney with an engineer father, to show us how to use them.

Night was beginning to fall.

"Looks as though we'll be forced to work on these tops tomorrow," someone said.

Not long thereafter, permission was asked of Harry N. Poll to make an announcement over the sound truck. (One of the cars in the caravan was Brother Poll's new gray and red sound truck, complete with record-playing equipment and four large trumpet-shaped loudspeakers which could be raised high into the air on adjustable metal stems.)

It was announced that there would be no work on the morrow. Mayor Horton had arranged for the baseball lights to be turned on, and trekkers could toil until midnight. Sunday would be the customary day of rest and worship. The bugle would sound at four a.m.—daybreak—on Monday for work on the wagon tops to resume.

SUNDAY was a conference day for the Northern States Mission, and President Creed Haymond invited trekkers to join with missionaries at the sessions. Most of the meetings were held in the elongated, frame St. Peter and Paul Parish Hall of the Catholic Church, whose leaders in Nauvoo showed the visitors many courtesies.

Arriving in the camp on Sunday were Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve and Mrs. Kimball. They were to be special guests on the trek. Upon his arrival, Elder Kimball was told that arrangements had been made for him to give an address over the Carthage radio station that afternoon. It was the first of about thirty addresses that Elder Kimball was to give along the route. It, like all the others, explained phases of Church history and doctrine in the pleasing, appealing manner that is so characteristic of him. Throughout the trek we felt a benediction in his presence.

Monday's warm dawn broke with a bang—of hammers. Newspaper reporters and photographers were beginning to arrive. Brother Cannon, as public relations officer of the camp, was obliged to spend all the time necessary with them. I knew that if I were left to it, the task of building a "wagon top" would take a week, perhaps more.

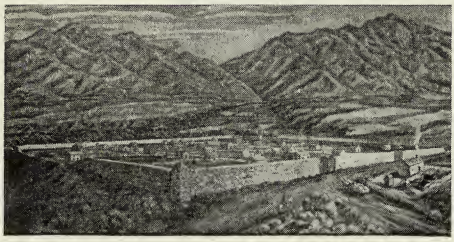
But Brother Bacon, his outfit completed, came to the rescue. The first thing he did was to dismantle all that had been done. The holes for the bolts were too big. "They'll rattle loose in no time that way," he said.

For the next ten hours, Brother Bacon (who looked and acted like Abraham Lincoln, without beard) remained with our car, until the job was done.

The supply of bolts became exhausted. Desperately, an appeal was carried to Mayor Horton. In but a few minutes, he produced the bolts—in proper size.

As the "wagons" were finished, they were formed in the best type of "circle" that the clearing on the

(*Continued on page 618*)



A monument to old Union Fort was dedicated by President George Albert Smith July 3.

ALCOHOL *and the* COLLEGE STUDENT

By

William J. Faulkner

FROM

"THE MESSAGE MAGAZINE," NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

I COULD write of the football player who celebrated a victory by drinking alcohol and was suspended from college, causing his team to lose the conference championship and giving pain and embarrassment to his parents and friends. But I will not. His is an extreme case. Or I could expound on the episode of the pretty coed who went to an off-campus party with an admiring young man. She took a few "social drinks," soon became "high," made a spectacle of herself, became offensively ill, and was deserted by her escort. She, too, was dismissed from school and suffered the usual embarrassments. But again this is a rare case about which I will say little. For the average student will say, "So what? They were stupid to get drunk. They ought to drink in moderation and hold their liquor like gentlemen."

This article is being written in behalf of that vast majority of college students who drink "in moderation" but never get drunk; who think it is all right, and quite smart, if not "respectable" to sip a cocktail, a highball, or even a straight whiskey. It is this huge body of students who are being duped by high-powered liquor advertising and smart society that must be reached and made aware of the subtle dangers of alcohol. The school and society know how to treat the drunk, the extreme drinker—they soon put him out of circulation. But they are not impressing the moderate beer drinker or those who put a little "kick" in the punch to make the party "mellow." These are our best young people, from our Christian homes, who are cultivating new taste, and are gradually coming to look upon the imbibing of alcoholic beverages as being both stimulating and harmless. Thanks to clever liquor advertising, the example of the movies, and the complacency of parents and teachers, the drinking of intoxicants has been lifted out of the realm of morals and is apparently only a matter of manners and good taste. Alcohol, the deadener of mental acuteness, the destroyer of inner discipline, and the poisoner of body and mind, has at last become "respectable." Liquor advertising gets the choicest spots in our newspapers and magazines; it vies with cigarets and tobacco to display glamorous girls and well-dressed men at cocktail parties and hunting lodges. The result is that drinking is rapidly becoming as commonplace in America as smoking and is being accepted among the best people as equally harmless. Herein lies the crux of the college student's dilemma and his undoing. Alcohol, the destroyer of character and efficiency, has become "respectable" in America. The best people are no longer ashamed or afraid of this demon.

HOW DID this happen—that alcohol the killer successfully invaded the American home, the colleges and choice places of recreation? How did it happen that a business that destroys nerves and contributes to frustration and human misery became a seven billion dollar industry within the past decade? I have already indicated above that the attitude of the public has encouraged the most high-powered liquor advertising and propaganda campaign that this country has ever witnessed. The end is not yet in sight. If we, the parents, businessmen and women, ministers, teachers, social workers, doctors, and all public servants, as interested individuals do not combat this vicious and false propaganda of organized liquor interests, our young people in and out of college will descend into graver habits of personal and social conduct. Leaders in the home, the church, and the schools must expose the dangers of alcohol; must curtail its popularity by revealing the scientific truth of its vicious effects upon physical health, mental efficiency, and moral character. American ignorance, and gullibility for clever sales talks, are the chief causes of our widespread drinking habits. Only the truth about liquor and the tremendous power behind the industry will check its inroads into the character of our people.

SOME LITTLE KNOWN SCIENTIFIC FACTS ABOUT LIQUOR[1]

1. Alcohol is not a stimulant. It is a depressant of the nerves.

2. Alcohol is a subtle and deadly habit-forming drug. Beverage alcohol, whether disguised as beer, wine, or whiskey is a "narcotic, as are ether and chloroform. Alcohol has toxic or poisonous effects whenever used, these effects being chiefly if not exclusively due to action on the brain and other parts of the central nervous system . . . mild or severe, acute or chronic according to the amount of alcohol consumed."

3. As a food, alcohol has no value. It provides some surface heat, no vitamins, and is an expensive source of energy.

4. As a medicine, alcohol may be used as a sedative or a depressant, but not as a reliable stimulant for circulation, respiration, or digestion. Safer medicines are replacing alcohol.

5. Habitual users of alcohol are numerous, many becoming alcoholics who require medical and psychiatric treatment. It is estimated that there are 750,000 alcoholics in the United States and 2,250,000 on the way. Women alcoholics are steadily increasing in this country. (An alcoholic is one who has become physically ill from habitual drinking of alcohol and whose system demands more and more of the drug. He becomes a different personality from his former self and disintegrates into a slave to the thirst.)

6. The bodily functions are not improved by alcohol. Mental acuteness and accuracy of judgment are impaired, and in chronic alcoholics the brain cells may actually degenerate. No student is helped to proficiency of physical or intellectual performance by drinking the poison, whether in mild or large amounts.

7. Alcohol is the cause of various diseases, and is a contributing factor in others. From 10,000 to 12,000 alcoholic patients are given pyschiatric treatment in the Bellevue Hospital (New York) annually.

[1]From a *Summary of Scientific Findings Regarding Beverage Alcohol*, by Haven Emerson, M.D., recent Professor of Public Health Administration, Columbia University, published in *The International Student* October 1945.

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HOLE IN THE ROCK

By Anna Prince Redd

SYNOPSIS

In 1879, President John Taylor called Silas Smith, Kumen Jones, and George Brigham Hobbs, as president, Indian interpreter, and chief scout for a new mission into southern Utah, together with settlers from Cedar City, Parowan, and Paragoonah. The way had been charted when the advent of Bishop Andrew Schow and James Collett of Escalante made a new route seem advisable to many of the group. Reaching Forty Mile Spring, a rude encampment was established and scouts selected to push ahead and seek the best route. Kumen Jones, George Lewis, and William Hutchings were selected to go as scouts under George Hobbs' leadership. Their report was disheartening, even George Hobbs stating that the country was formidable, although he thought they could get through. Scouts penetrated into the desolate region only to find that the river was hemmed in by towering, perpendicular cliffs that defied descend. Added to the difficulties of the mission was the spirit of rebellion that had crept among some of the members. And the plight was desperate for the little group, since food and water were at a minimum—with little chance of getting more until they could win through the intervening desolation. Most of the company remained at Forty and Fifty Mile camps, but a small part had been moved to the Hole in the Rock. From this point four men were appointed to scout a way through to the river. The rest set to work to widen the crack—with little equipment other than their will to achieve. The scouts set out with misgivings but with determination, after almost turning back in despair. It was nothing short of a miracle that prompted Mr. Hobbs to follow the mountain sheep which led him through devious paths until he was at the base of the ledge. On their return to camp they stumbled into the homestead of the Harrises from Arizona and were given food after five days of starvation.

CHAPTER IX

THE first of January came with no hint of warmth in the air, and a dense fog settled over the desert, deepening the gloom at the Hole in the Rock. A blizzard followed the fog. Suffering, already intense in the camp, increased. There was neither adequate shelter, fuel, nor food. Children had to be kept in bed all of the time, and they grew listless and ill. And all that the people could do was look on in helpless sympathy.

Muffled, and sternly cheerful in the face of the widespread discouragement that pervaded the camp, Jens came and went with parcels of food for the sick children, taken from his own scant supply, over Kisten's protest.

"How you get your peoples to San Juan vhen you have not strength to get there yourself, Yens? Our cupboard is bare. Ve haf not even milk. My cow, she can do nothing but hump up in the vind and grow poorer," she moaned. "Ya, ya, all the poor critters are the same, so bruised and poor that vhen they lie down to rest they can't get up again! Vhat you think of that?"

Jens shook his head. "They've been driven so far to hunt food that they act like some humans—they schoost give up and die!"

"Vhen you tell me the scouts vill come, and ve'll get through, I know ve vill. But vhen, Yens? Vhen?"

Jens shook his head again. "Soon, Kisten. It *must* be soon."

"Soon, ya. Alvays you say dot!"

"I've been out to inspect the camp. It is bad for the stock to be empty and cold. But the people, Kisten! Vhat can ve do?"

At the first sign of discouragement in Jens, Kisten ceased to entertain herself with talk of trouble.

"The vill of da peoples she is strong! Do ve not pray and preach and hold meetings? Do ve not dance till the sandstone is bare, vhile James Cox he fiddle like ve're all back home?"

She gave Jens a cup of brackish broth, hot from the kettle. "Tomorrow ve may not have horsefeed broth, Yens, but your Kisten vill varm you with cayenne pepper! Ya!" She laughed infectiously, holding his large ears in her two small hands. And when he smiled approval, she said, "All vill be vell. And first you know the scouts vill be here."

Jens caught her small hands and drew them around his neck. "I'll see if there is news of the scouts."

But there was none. And no amount of nurtured confidence could keep anxiety from the people's faces. Thirteen days overdue! How could there still be hope that the scouts were alive? And if the scouts were dead, how could any of the company live to get through?

"Don't you vorry, my peoples," Jens admonished, trying to stem the pessimistic tide. "You leave the scouts be und vork!"

"He's a wonderful old man," Arabella told Mary as they watched him hobbling cheerfully away toward the crack and the men at work there.

Mary smiled, grateful that Arabella understood. "Brother Lyman has his special brand of camp philosophy, too," she said. "Yesterday I heard him tell his sister May, that the best way to stop worry was to do something pleasant and unexpected—like going for a boat ride on the Colorado!"

"Well I never! Who'd want to do a thing like that—in the dead of winter!"

"I would." Mary became defensive. "And I'd make it profitable, too. I'd come back loaded with driftwood for Ann Decker!"

Arabella looked quickly at Mary. "And May Lyman? What did she think of her brother's suggestion?"

"How should I know?" Mary answered.

"There would be plenty of men and boys who'd want to row for her," Arabella said pointedly.

Mary's eyes were averted. "Let them do it then," she said. "I have other things to do."

"Anything in particular?" Arabella questioned.

"Well, someone's got to worry about the little things in this camp—like the coming of babies, and—and getting something to burn! With the men away for weeks at a time, it's a wonder any of us survive."

"We'd all like to have warm houses, Mary," she answered, "nourishing food for our children, and—well, just about everything we haven't got. I hate this desert. I hate the Colorado and everything connected with it!"

"I don't," Mary cried. "I think it's fun. I go to the crack every day. I count every foot of new road that Kumen is helping to make. I try every new step that is cut in the rock ledge at the top. I shake my fist at the river and call it names, and it calls them right back at me!

The only thing that worries me is who's going to be the first one to try that road out with a wagon. I hope it won't be Kumen. It looks fearful, Arabella! Have you seen it?"

"No. I can't leave the children to go see it. And I wouldn't want to take them with me for fear they would be afraid when the time comes for us to start down. To me, that road is the only comforting thing in this dreary camp. At least it is going somewhere!"

"And that's exactly what we ought to do. Let's go to see Ann Decker."

Arabella hesitated. "I can't, Mary. It's too long to be away from the children."

Platt cried. "Then we could accomplish something."

"We'll not need giant powder—or anything else, if those scouts don't get back," Charles Walton answered. He stood grimly at the door of the tent, as if in the desolate landscape he would find the answer to their perplexity.

No one answered him, and he continued to express his views. "Just waiting for the scouts to come in isn't enough! We should send men out to look for them."

"And lose them too!" Platt answered.

"The scouts could die within sight of the river! They've been gone too long to have either food, strength, or courage left!"

burn. By dark the storm broke in a fury that threatened to tear the last shred of shelter from the people's heads.

"Dear God," Mary prayed. "What will happen to a baby that is born tonight?"

As if regarding her prayer, the wind died for a minute. Then the darkness deepened, blocking out even the path to her father's camp. She raised her voice in an imperative call; but the wind, redoubled in force after its brief lull, tore it from her lungs and hurled it in all directions. She called again, using all her strength, but the effort set her to coughing violently, and she could make no further sound. She could only fight blindly through the storm



—Photograph by Sullivan C. Richardson

TWO THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE COLORADO

"Of course," Mary agreed. "I'll go alone."

Bundled from head to foot, Mary set out, walking rapidly toward a spur of Fifty Mile Mountain, that, trailing lower and lower met the desert in a ragged point of rock. There, half buried in snow, piled against it as a windbreak was the Decker wagon. Mary found Ann, alone with her children, huddled by a small kitchen stove.

In the tent of Platt De Alton Lyman, three men, weary and drawn of face, no longer able to minimize their fears, pondered the problems of the camp.

"If Silas Smith would only get some giant powder through to us!"

"I know the need, Brother Walton," Platt said. "But every man we take from the road work delays us here. We must be ready when the scouts come."

"Ya. Ve can only go on with our vork," Jens Nielsen agreed.

"I wish I could share your assurance," Walton told them. He rose and went out of the tent, followed by Platt and Jens.

January the third was a wild and cheerless day. Since early morning Mary had gone from camp to camp gathering bits of fuel for Ann Decker's approaching hour. A broken toy here, a chair rung there, bits of harness leather, worn-out shoes—anything at all that would

toward the eerie light in her father's tent.

Braced against the flimsy door of the tent, she called, "Father!"

Jens flung the door wide. "Mary! Vhy are you out?" He said severely. "Have you and Kumen quarreled?"

He drew Mary into the room, and he and Kisten bolted the door again.

"If we had," Mary cried, "I'd know better than to come here. You'd send me right back again! I came to see Aunt Kisten."

Jens opened his eyes in astonishment. "You—you—

"No, Father, it's Ann Decker."

Jens looked at Kisten, helplessly. "Vhat she say?" he muttered.

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HOLE IN THE ROCK

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"She says she came to see me, Yens."

"If—then vhy is it urgent?" Jens was still at a loss to account for Mary's apparent foolhardiness. He continued sharply. "I promise my Elsie dot I take care of you, Mary. God vill have to take care of Ann Decker."

"Kumen will take care of me," Mary cried impatiently. "I want you to help me to help God take care of Ann Decker!"

"Her husband and I vill bless Ann. She vill be all right."

"Brother Decker has come?" Mary was faint from relief. "But I have to go to Ann anyway. Men are such cowards in sickness."

"Brother Decker has more faith than you, Mary."

"Well, you say yourself that faith without works is dead. Aunt Kisten, make him come with me to see Ann Decker."

Jens laughed, appreciating her sturdiness. Then he left the tent and went to their wagon-box room for his wraps.

The minute his back was turned, Kisten went to her bed, pulled back a curtain that screened it from the main tent, and came back with a small bucket in her hand. From the bottom of the bucket she brought forth a lone egg. "Sh—!" she exclaimed. "Your papa gives all I have avay. I hide this egg for him. He'll not miss it, for he knows not it is here."

"How shall I fix it?" Mary whispered, wrapping the egg in her handkerchief and putting it away in her pocket.

"An eggnogg," Kisten whispered back. "Ann's cow still strips a little milk. It vill be good vith the egg. Mind your papa he do not know!"

"I'll mind," Mary said, laughing. She kissed Kisten's cheek and hurried out to meet her father.

"Best I carry dot egg, Mary," Jens chuckled. "You hold it too tight in your pocket. It vill go smash!"

Mary gave over the egg. "I might have known you'd know," she said, squeezing her father's arm. "You know everything."

"Smart, like Kisten," Jens said. "Ya. Papa knows. Put your hands in your pockets, now. Ve go fast to keep varm!"

They came back in the early hours of the morning.

"A baby!" Mary cried softly to herself. "Born at the hole in the rock. . . . A little girl!"

"In such a place!" Jens said seriously. "The third day of Yanuary. It is an event."

PETER SHURTZ presented an incongruous appearance to the four men in his path. Ragged, dirty, smelling of fish, bearded of face and hairy of body, he greeted them, his legs braced against the storm.

"Howdy, strangers," he said. "You are Mormon scouts. Through the Indians I know that you are camped on the desert above the Colorado. Indians say no cross. Wagons no come down through Hole in the Rock! Sorry our weather is so inhospitable." He threshed his arms, then smiled engagingly. "I am of your faith. What can I do to help your cause?"

The scouts regarded Shurtz in amazement. How had a man of evident intellect come to look like that?

Reading their faces, Shurtz bowed in grandiose fashion. "The Daniel Boone of the West," he explained. "I left civilization behind so long ago it has never caught up with me." There was transformation in his ready smile. "Tell me how I can help you," he reminded them again.

George Sevy recovered first. "You have flour in your pack?" he asked, motioning to the loaded donkey, huddled in the shelter of a boulder. "We'll pay you any price for enough of it to get us back to the Hole in the Rock. We couldn't get a morsel of food at Fort Montezuma. Our own people are near starvation there."

"Yes, I know. Flour is a dollar a pound at the Fort. I'd not sell my hundred pounds for twice that—except to you," he added.

"I have lived on fish alone for six months. I can do it again. Perhaps you can spare me twenty pounds?"

"Twenty pounds!" Sevy exclaimed. "Can *we* spare *you* twenty pounds? Man, you have saved the San Juan Mission, for without help we'd never make it back alive!"

"And if you don't get back, the company cannot come on, for they will not know the way. Yes. I am grateful if I can help."

They gave Peter Shurtz eighty dollars for their eighty pounds of flour. They shook his hand again and again, reluctant to leave him there. Then, without a word, they turned and headed into the teeth of the storm.

The way back was, if possible, worse than the trip out. With nothing but flour porridge to eat—they saw not one live creature—lost much of the time, back tracking, deceived by mirages, they came at last to the Slick Rock ledge again. At the first sight of it their hopes soared. Only twenty-five miles from home! Soon, soon there would be food and warmth and friends. But then their spirits sank lower than ever, for as they stared at the white wall of rock above them they realized that their former trail was obliterated, hopelessly lost in the expressionless curtain of snow that draped the ledge. No mountain sheep was here now to show them the way. No friendly footfall led them on; no sound came to lend them courage. Twenty-five miles from camp! It may as well be twenty-five hundred, so hopeless was their cause.

Too weary to stand, too blinded by sun glare to face the cliff a second longer, the four men sank to their knees, then to their faces in the snow, and each in his own soul prayed for deliverance. God, and God alone, could sustain them now! But, seemingly, no answer came. Hobbs and Sevy, half mad with fevered agony, began to climb the ledge, grasping at random for something to cling to, digging their worn boot toes into the rocks, they succeeded in making their way upward. Ten. Twenty. Fifty—a hundred feet! Clinging to they knew not what, they hung on, daring to believe they could and would reach the top. A few more guarded steps, a little cooler planning, and they would reach up and touch a shelf, a point of rock, and then at last, a place to stand!

But Hobbs, now totally blind from the glare of the sun against the glittering cliff, was groping erratically, breathing with long shuddering sighs that were not breath at all.

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

SOME TALKS TO YOUNG PEOPLE ABOUT CURRENT PROBLEMS

By MARY BRENTNALL

THE N.C.A.A. Track and Field Meet held in Salt Lake City in mid-June of this year, as part of Utah's Centennial celebration, was an exciting show even for those of us who are not particularly athletic. We had an unmistakable sense of "once in a long time" performance. We were watching superior skill and grace and rhythm and strength and speed—all unite to achieve something close to perfection. There was tension but there was also beauty; at times, a seemingly effortless quality which pulsated in every responsive human being on the bleachers. Men applauded enthusiastically yet were, at the same time, vaguely unhappy over their own physical stodginess—allaying their inner longings with "wise cracks" and hot dogs. In spite of the dampness and the wind, two world's records were broken. It was a magnificent demonstration.

Inevitably, after such a star performance, there is discussion. "What qualities make a great athlete?" "What contributes to superiority in any field?" "What does it take to be a 'winner'?" "Natural ability" was tagged and defined. "Training" received its tributes. "Attention to details," "the will to win"—these points were talked over at some length, and then one coach stated his point of view something like this:

"The most important factor in reaching the top is 'teachability.' It is hunger for knowledge, desire for accomplishment. It is born of humility. It is dedication to a cause, faith in oneself and in one's teacher."

At first I was a little startled. Was teachability really so important in athletic prowess? Was it a great force in all development? If so, was the coach's definition of teachability correct? Wasn't he coupling opposites? Wasn't faith in oneself or self-confidence the antithesis of humility? Wasn't the desire for personal excellence a negation of dedication to a cause?

It was worth thinking about. In it might be some suggestions for solving the problem faced by all young people—the problem of "what is my 'niche'?" . . . "How can I find my work and make myself capable?" Fear and misgiving are in the minds of many young people as they face the uncertainties of today and wonder just how they "fit in," how they will "measure up," and what kind of life they can build for themselves.



—Photograph by Wayne B. Hales

There is much talk against competition, but, whether we like it or not, we live in a competitive world and so must learn to be "competent." I, for one, am not too unhappy about this. I cannot help feeling that great good has come from competition—that in it, mettle is developed; high standards and lofty goals set; and our "sights" in all fields constantly raised by the effort to surpass previous performance. These are real advantages. There are, doubtless, disadvantages. Some psychologists point to frustration and disappointments. Some idealists decry a system which, at times, strengthens the already strong at the expense of the already weak. But as long as we recognize these dangers and work with love and unselfishness toward minimizing them, we may be forgiven for accepting the virtues and cheerfully putting them to good use.

IT was fun at the track meet to watch the ceremony honoring the successful contestants. In turn, athletes were presented from the winners' platform as having placed 6th, 5th, 4th, 3rd, 2nd—and finally as "the champion." There was an occasional tie. In pole vaulting, six contestants performed equally to take "first place." I could not help wishing that every fine young man and woman in the world could have the thrilling experience of, at least, "placing" in a great contest—perhaps not in athletics; perhaps not in music, or art, or drama; perhaps not in beauty, or charm; or personality; perhaps not in business or professional life—but in *something!*

And why not? There is nothing disgraceful in being average, or ordinary, or medium—or even less. Most of us are just that in nearly every way. But there is something a little depressing in being only average in everything—particularly if we have the time and the ability to make ourselves superior in some one way. Particularly, if, through laziness, indifference, impatience, or just plain lack of "know how," we fail to be the "champion" to which our natural endowments have made us heir.

This line of thought was recently suggested to a young man.

"But how can I tell whether I have sufficient capacity to warrant the sacrifices, in other directions, both I and my parents would have to make?"

He was an intelligent man with a beautiful tenor voice. He had been told by a teacher whom he believed to be honest, that he could go as far, musically, as he was willing to go. He interpreted that statement to mean that he had the making of a fine professional singer, provided he was willing to spend the time, the money, and the effort necessary to reach that goal. His problem was great because neither he nor his family had adequate means. He was

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in love, and further musical study meant that he must delay his marriage several years—a marriage which had already been delayed by army service and a mission. Even those who understood the musical field best could give him no real estimate of the time and money which would be involved.

I could only hope that if, after prayerful consideration, he decided that his musical career, if it came at all, would have to come second to the other things in life for which he longed, that then, he would be able to make himself a real champion in some other way—as a citizen, a Church member, a husband, a father.

His was, indeed, a hard decision, but there are others which are comparatively easy. There is Jane who loves to play tennis. Jane is full of energy, and, because she is enthusiastic, she gets involved in many activities—too many. She does surprisingly well, considering that she can't give enough time to any one thing. But the other day her feelings were hurt. One of her frank friends repeated a conversation to her.

This is the condensation, "Jane is lots of fun, but she'll never get anywhere because she tries to do everything at once. She could play the violin if she'd stick to it long enough to gain some mastery. She could dive with the best if she stayed with it. And look at her tennis! The only reason she gets anywhere is because she tries like mad! But she hasn't a single decent stroke. She needs to start all over again under a good teacher and really learn how."

"Imagine," moaned Jane. "Imagine suggesting that I start all over again—that I've wasted all these years playing tennis."

I hope Jane takes this suggestion—that is, if she really wants to play superior tennis. Perhaps Jane doesn't really want that. Perhaps she wants to be a beautiful violin player. Perhaps she wants to perfect her diving technique. She says she wants all three. Maybe she can have all three, but I think she's going to have to concentrate on just one and let the other two or three or four or a dozen interests fall into line where and how they can—that is, if she hopes to have the joy of excelling in any one thing. Hers, at any rate, isn't a very special problem. It's one which confronts all of us who love life and are eager to live it to the full. We all have to concentrate on one or two things even though we may like to "dabble" in many.

Perhaps I am overly optimistic, but it seems to me that if we stay near the source of our strength and guidance, some inner compulsion takes over and leads us to our greatest success and power; it is only through disregarding this source that we face complete confusion. If we can discern between momentary pleasure and lasting happiness, between a sense of fulfillment and a passing whim, between light and darkness, we know in what direction our abilities lie and where we should be heading. If decision does not come so quickly to some as to others—regarding talents and careers — we should not despair but should still go on—working, watching, and weighing.

We should try to find not only where our abilities lie, but also where our interests lie and where our best "teachability" lies. This last may be our greatest help. In what situations do we make "strides" when we get down to real work? In what direction do we "hunger and thirst" for knowledge? In what mediums, mentally and physically, do we feel "at home" and quickly master techniques? In what activities can we stand a long, hard grind and still have enthusiasm for the final sprint? In what fields do we recognize great needs and want earnestly, somehow, to help fill them? In what areas do we unerringly recognize a truly superior teacher? All these things are measures of our "teachability"—of our humility in meeting and matching the great calling of our lives. In them lie our work, our joy, our "place."

FORTUNATELY, nearly all humans have considerable versatility. We are not limited solely to one activity. A young man may make a superior bishop, an excellent father—and still have what it takes to supply an adequate living for his family. A young woman may be eminently successful as a secretary, teacher, or designer, and still be championship material as a wife and mother. But we cannot divide ourselves into a hundred flying pieces and hope for success and happiness in any one direction. Nor can we completely disregard our interests, devotions, and abilities—and still be anything but averagely successful—or less.

Let me give an example or two of "teachability"—or the lack of it. A young woman was asked to "fit into" a program—one with a special theme. She came to the consulting meeting with a well thought-out talk. It missed the mark a little. Those responsible for the program explained what was needed. The girl listened intently and made changes. Still, it wasn't right. Her advisors didn't want to "put words into her mouth." They were concerned with the integrity of the with the program, but they wanted to give the girl an opportunity of doing an outstanding piece of work at an important time. Everyone tried again. The result was superior. The girl possessed that rare, eager, teachable quality which gave her great power.

A young man was asked to give a talk in his ward. He tried it ahead of time on some friends who recognized it as above average. Here was sound thinking and excellent construction. But his delivery was poor. One of the friends tried tactfully to give the young man some suggestions. But the speaker was uninterested. His was a good talk—he knew it—he had been thinking about it for years—all the time he was away from home in the war—why bother about his voice and posture? He was not exactly arrogant, but he didn't have the particular type of humility which makes a man eager to learn. He gave his talk. A good part of the congregation couldn't hear it, and a good part of those who could were so disturbed by his poor presence and annoying mannerisms that they lost the import of the speech. A few recognized the talk itself as good. It *could* have been a winner—with everyone!

ONE more illustration—a man of middle age was outstanding in his own profession. But life itself—particularly after a death in his

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ALCOHOL AND THE COLLEGE STUDENT

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8. The effects of alcohol on the intellect are terrific: It dulls the mind, the intellect, the will, perception, memory, discrimination, judgment, even before appreciably affecting muscular functions. It attacks the higher faculties first, and this affects a person's behavior. His area of inner discipline or control is relaxed, and his conscience becomes dulled. Alcohol tends to reduce the man to an uninhibited animal level.

9. Alcohol is often the direct cause of crimes of violence, serious traffic accidents and violations. Fifteen to forty-five percent of all automobile street accidents are due to some degree of intoxication of drivers, according to police records. (These facts are never presented in the alluring liquor advertisements.)

10. Alcohol costs society a tremendous toll: "Society suffers from abnormal or psychopathic conduct . . . of users of alcohol." American families suffer from the diversion of several billion dollars to the purchase of intoxicating beverages, which might be better spent for housing, education, feeding of children, clothing, and wholesome recreation. Add to this the loss in illness, death, unemployment, accident, crime, and mental disease due to drink. We spend twice as much for alcoholic beverages as we do for all education in the United States, and get only misfortune and tragedy for our pains.

BEHIND all this orgy of drinking, crime, and disregard for law or human life on the part of the general public stands the highly organized business of manufacturing and distributing beverage alcohol. Behind it stand the cleverest brains in the advertising and selling fields. The college student is but one small segment of its intended victims. As go the "best people" so go our college youngsters. The liquor interests are organized. Those who fight it must be just as highly organized if drinking is to be controlled.

"We need to understand the habits of women and the younger generation. Train your publicity to catch the eye and develop the interest of the younger generation. . . . Make youth liquor conscious. . . . Make it smart to drink wine. Teach American women to drink." These were slogans adopted at the March 1935, convention of forty-nine leaders of the wine and liquor industries in Chicago. And they are really making the younger generation liquor conscious.

It is high time that college presidents, deans, professors, and counselors organize their forces in a scientific attack on the major evil in our society. They must co-operate with the church, the home, the public schools, and the government in an intelligent nationwide crusade against strong drink. It is no longer a matter of a few pious old ladies, or sentimental religionists, issuing preachments and tracts.

This evil can be uprooted only by intelligent organization, education, and counterpropaganda. The crusade must be reinforced by visual education, sermons, lectures, curriculum courses, special institutes, exhibits, and ceaseless public discussion. Yale University School of Alcoholic Studies is charting the way toward intelligent action, and is getting results. Other colleges must follow suit.

It is not only the student who becomes drunk and forces the college to discipline him that we must be concerned about. Our major obligation is unto the masses of our young people, who fall innocent victims to "polite social drinking," and who think it is smart to drink. We must orient and condition them against the evil before they cultivate the taste. Our schools must not only prohibit the students from drinking on the campus and in the dormitories, but must equip them to resist the temptation successfully under popular social pressure off the campus and out in public and private life. We must be as wise and resourceful in our sphere as the liquor dealer is in his.

The Will to Serve

By Gladys Vondy Robertson

THE spirit of good will and brotherhood are lifelong principles of conduct for Homer C. Hutchinson, a bedfast cripple for eighteen years. His unselfishness, his desire to be helpful and useful, his persuasion and industry have made him a one-man housing committee in Denver, Colorado. His success in finding homes for soldiers and their families, for people who had reached the end of every resource, is worthy of honor.

Homer Hutchinson started his service as a part of his contribution to the war effort. He has extended it to meet today's needs. People from every state in the Union have come to know him for his service and his friendship.

"I got to thinking," he tells you, "of all those people with no place to live. Finally I had to do something about it."

He called the U.S.O. first. Since that first offer to the U.S.O. to help find homes for veterans and their families, Denver University has asked for aid; the rehabilitation center at Fort Logan has called on him; Lowry Field frequently has need of assistance; and the clergy of every denomination has implored assistance.

During the war years Hutchinson found fifty-eight positions for wives of soldiers who needed extra funds to help them along. In addition he found three hundred homes for people who had come to him for assistance.

"I'm still carrying on this housing thing," he says cheerfully.

You begin to wonder what he charges for his service.

"Nothing," his broad smile lights up his striking blue eyes. "Why nothing at all. It's a pleasure. Glad to do it."

If you need an apartment or a room, he dials the phone beside his bed. Soon he is speaking to somebody who may have what you want or something which could be converted into living quarters. (Incidentally, though in his seventies, this man knows 164 telephone numbers by memory and can recall them as the occasion demands.) Before you realize what has been done, he has found a home for you. He has worlds of friends, hosts of acquaintances, and hundreds of connections with businessmen and heads of concerns.

"I love to help people," he modestly explains. "If everybody would just lend a hand occasionally, forget themselves, and concentrate on the ideals for which we sent our boys into battle, love their neighbors a little more, neither the housing situation nor world affairs would be the problem that they are today."



KARL G. MAESER MEMORIAL BUILDING

Brigham Young University— THE CHURCH UNIVERSITY

By Edith Russell

IT LIES like an offering at the feet of the mountain, new—scarcely out of its cellophane, teeming with Zion's youth, ambitious, sturdy, and vibrantly alive.

The air, icy and invigorating from the chaste coldness of the Rockies, makes the Joseph Smith Building stand out in bold relief against the blue translucency of the atmosphere. The clock in its tower sets the hour at nine-thirty. The campus is quiet, with that mellow stillness which falls when the classrooms have absorbed their youth, and pedagogic discourses are richly under way.

The lobby of the Smith Building wears its usual air of midmorning activity. A gray-haired preoccupied man is marooned in its center, on a small island of blue carpet, washed by a sea of indifferent burnt-brick tiles, letting a noisy vacuum cleaner have its way with him. A few students occupy the low, comfortable chairs by the doors, and occasionally, when some energetic soul passes through with such vigor that the door is petrified into remaining open, one of them rises and patiently closes it again, in the gentle name of humanity.

The doors of the assembly hall are locked. A music lesson is in progress, and we must come back again—perhaps another day, when it is time for assembly. But, there are many other rooms to be seen in the Joseph Smith Building—the banquet room, for instance, with its great east window, its magnificent mirrored fireplace, and the plebian, utility trestles which have supplanted the royal splendor of its once oaken tables. The boys are home from the wars, and space is at a premium. The coeds dine in the banquet room every day now, and its parquet floor has yielded a little of its polish. An ancient piano, very upright and forbidding, surveys the menage of paper bags and sandwiches and milk bottles, with the resigned disapproval of one who has seen better days. But, these are the better days, when Brigham Young halls are filled with Zion's youth, filled to overflowing.



PRESIDENT HOWARD S. McDONALD

The club room still preserves a certain air of smug, well-upholstered comfort. There are good pictures on its walls and thick, tweed drapes at the three south windows. There is an abundance of oak in this room and much carving and feathered lounges. The air is always a trifle heavy and somnambulant, and it would seem appropriate that the men who dine here should have fat, pendulous stomachs and committee-presiding wives. Not so, however, for here, too, the coeds eat and, sometimes, the lean faculty and their delightful, human wives.

THE ballroom, before noon, is tired like a beautiful woman wakened at an unseemly hour, but we cannot wait until she wears her evening dress, and we are too proud of her



LOOKING ACROSS THE CAMPUS

to forego the pleasure of presenting her even at a disadvantage. Take care when you begin the long, smooth swim across the parquet lake to where the orchestra lives on star-spangled evenings. This is the setting for the junior prom, student body dances, and where Latter-day Saint coed charm and gallantry discover each other. Here the school dances are—gracious, formal, and invincibly grownup. Here Latter-day Saint teachings express themselves in the social life of its student youth.

But, the school bell is chiming out the cessation of classes. Students are pouring out of the classrooms into the corridors, down the steps and across the campus in a thick, gay tide. The sun catches the swinging glass doors of the library —the Heber J. Grant Library, and draws us like a beacon to follow the students entering its precincts.

Here in the library is an atmosphere totally unlike that of the Joseph Smith Building. Exuberance is restrained. In the reading room there is an eternal, polite hush. The presence of thousands of books has its sobering effect upon even the most vivacious coed.

And looking down upon the absorbed heads of these hundreds of prospective lawyers, agronomists, and social leaders, is the portrait of a beloved benefactor, President Heber J. Grant.

There is a dimness in the corridors of the library, peaceful and conducive to quiet meditation. Here are more classrooms, more faculty offices, and in the wide hall, plaques commemorating stolid pioneers.

A small fascimile of an everburning lamp is above the door. "Knowledge is Power" is engraven on the stone.

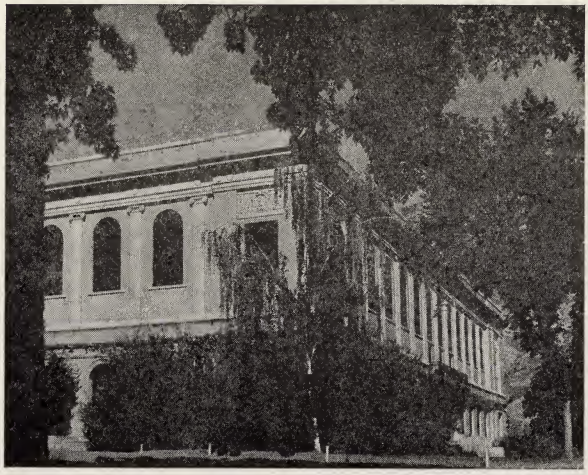
Our next objective, the Maeser Memorial Building, official abode of the university's president, and the administrative center, has a look almost Grecian about it. It may be the great white pillars which lend to it this suggestion of an Attic elegance; perhaps the broad, graceful steps which anticipate the three glass entrances on the west side. But actually, here is a workaday world, where the smooth running of the university wheels is assured. Here, in a pleasant, simply-furnished office, President Howard S. McDonald, works long and hard, serving the five thousand students in his charge, directing the affairs of the Church university with skill, efficiency, and kindliness.

In the basement, live the university's journalists, and the lively chaos of their profession is joyously apparent—machines, files, ink, paper, and arms bared to the elbow, all belong to these lower halls of production. Everyone is extremely busy; one has the impression of an ever-impending deadline. The telephone has a sharp, exasperating persistency.

The *Y News* is born here and most of the other printing chores of the school. Here is a student arranging odd-looking pieces of blue pasteboard upon each of which is written Idaho, Washington, Los Angeles, Montreal—a medley of places—the alumni files. For the sons of "Brigham Young" are in every country in the world perform-

(*Concluded on page 590*)

HEBER J. GRANT LIBRARY



BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

(*Concluded from page 589*)

ing various missions, and in the university's International Club, men and women from Persia, Canada, Great Britain, and Hawaii, substantiate B.Y.U.'s claim to being a most cosmopolitan Alma Mater.

Upstairs in the Maeser's assembly room, presided over by the portrayed dignity of Karl G. Maeser himself, a short but valiant professor of bacteriology tackles a lecture for 190 students. Many of them are veterans who impart a welcome, stabilizing influence to the school. They have been taught by war the inestimable value of proper training; they have no time to waste.

Here, too, in the Maeser Building, is the Dean of Students' office, where problems are solved or dissolved, and where, so often, equilibrium is restored to a student's tottering world. It is hard sometimes to be young, and it frequently happens that one's only solace is that another human being understands.

Over in the Brimhall Building, where we must proceed now, is the department of applied sciences. The "Brimhall" has an aroma, the kind one inevitably associates with experiments of enterprising students in chemistry. It overwhelms one in the hall and rises with every floor. It contrives to muffle the noise of the typewriting room and to render pungent the notices of the presence of various biological societies in the vicinity.

High up on the third floor, the work of the Alumni Association is being expanded, and close by, an unusual department of visual aids has its being. A strangely quiet room marked "Journalism" excites the curiosity of people with a quest for the appropriate. There may be a deadline here, too, but it is not apparent. Everyone's sleeves are conspicuously down. We descend the stairs once more. Outside the air is fresh and cold. We are thirsty for it.

ANOTHER day we may visit the buildings on the Lower Campus, investigate the old labs and those rooms possessed now by the physical sciences and the students of the arts. We must visit the utility buildings on the Upper Campus which gallantly serve in the van of our promised Student Union Building.

And we shall go to assembly, to a devotional on a Tuesday morning at eleven, for then one is reassured that the student body has a soul.

There will be music from a great choir of voices. You will know for a little while what John Milton meant when he wrote: "As may with sweetness, through mine ear, dissolve me into ecstasies, and bring all Heaven before mine eyes." *Il Penseroso.*

You will feel the impelling surge of youth about you. The flag of the United States will be in its place on the stand, and beneath it, in the auditorium, will sit a world of peoples, unified by the principles of Jesus Christ, speaking the same universal language of God.

You will see our president and our faculty about whom it is given to us sometimes to be facetious, but whom it is also given to us to love. And you will hear thousands of young voices singing the hymns of their fathers.

And you will go away feeling inspired and softened and like praying.

"Brigham Young University," you will say, savoring it gently on your soul's palate. "The *Church* University, and because I am of the Church—*my* university."

LET'S TALK IT OVER

(*Concluded from page 586*)

family—seemed futile and lustreless to him. He wanted to find courage and strength somewhere. He turned to religion—several religions. But he was unhelped because he was unteachable. He tested every religious concept by the totally irreligious ideas he had already established in his own mind. This philosophy, he contended, was good because it demanded nothing of him. This idea made sense because it called for no faith on his part. In the field of religion he lacked humility. He could not accept the lessons of a great religion or trust the precepts of the great teacher.

PERHAPS after all this, we can try to resolve some of the questions which arose in my mind on hearing the original suggestions of teachability as given by the athletic coach. Is self-confidence incompatible with humility? As I see it, only in their perversions. If you think of self-confidence as pride or arrogance or selfishness, then it has no affinity with the simple humility which is eager to learn. If you think of humility as the false self-abasement exemplified by Dickens' Uriah Heep, it has nothing in common with self-confidence. But if you think of self-confidence as faith—developed through earnest effort, then self-confidence and humility team admirably under the definition of "teachability."

If we can accept that union, perhaps we can just as easily reconcile the desire for personal excellence and the unselfish dedication of one's best efforts to a cause—both of which are part of the athletic coach's explanation of "teachability." It seems to me that it is perfectly natural in youth to want to excel, to want to feel that one has special ability to offer the world, to want to establish oneself. But it seems equally normal for one to lose oneself in important work and, in so doing, forget personal laurels. It is only the average, the ordinary, and the mediocre who are unable to make this transition and who continuously seek recognition. This selfless devotion to a cause is the ultimate goal and highest ingredient in teachability.

Probably a natural adjunct or completion of teachability is the selection of a good teacher. It is of little avail to be eager for knowledge and quick to learn if one is to be taught untruth or poor procedures. So teachability must include some ability to recognize a good teacher. The best to be had, in any field, should be our aim.

And in this connection, remember, above all, the one and only infallible Teacher of this universe—the Teacher to whom we can submit our needs, abilities, and problems with complete confidence. Go to him in prayer. He will help you to find other good teachers. He will help you to achieve faith and humility, joy and satisfaction. He will help you to attain your highest aspirations. In his sight and in his cause, you will be a "champion."

The CHURCH MOVES ON

Y.M.M.I.A. Board

ELDER ROY M. DARLEY, assistant Tabernacle organist, has been appointed to the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. He will serve on the board's music committee. Elder Darley served during the recent conflict as a chaplain in the armed forces. Prior to that he filled a mission in the Eastern States. More recently he was the organist and director of the Bureau of Information at the Washington, D.C., chapel of the Church.



ROY M. DARLEY

Alexander Schreiner

ALEXANDER SCHREINER, Tabernacle organist, has placed among the winners in the fourth annual poll conducted by the magazine *Musical America*. Music editors and critics of the daily newspapers in the United States and Canada were asked to name their favorites in music on the air.

The Salt Lake Tabernacle choir also placed among the winners in the vocal ensembles group.

Relief Society Board

GENERAL President Belle S. Spafford of the Relief Society has announced the appointment of Ethel Colton Smith to the general board of the organization. Mrs. Smith, the wife of Edwin F. Smith, has been a member of the Highland Stake Relief Society board for five and one half years. She has also been active in Primary and in Mutual work.

Mormon Battalion Observance

THE hundredth anniversary of the discharge of the Mormon Battalion men in California, as they completed their year of service, was appropriately commemorated July 16, 1947, at services held at the Mormon Battalion Monument on the state capitol building grounds in Salt Lake City.

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME JUNE 16, AND DEPARTING JUNE 25, 1947

First row, left to right: Gareth M. Paxman, Robert C. Gustaveson, J. Clark Hermansen, Theron R. Nalder, Allan K. Fowler, Kenneth Dale Liddiard, Milford R. Mabey, Vernal Lemore Anderson, C. Clark Welling, Bruce A. Lee, Carl T. Cox, Harry F. Thacker, Q. Marion Hansen.

Second row: DeVon F. Andrus, Zona Stewart, Delma Ramage, Leah Lloyd, Rae Hall, Bernice Zeeman, Gladys Lutze, Don B. Colton, director; Phyllis Herrick, Betty Moore, Barbara Watts, Garland C. Tonks, Theron J. Smith, Labon R. Garcia, Walter C. Barlow.

Third row: Edith Loretta Jenson, Gertrude Oliphant, Clarence Tolman, Milton Bloomquist, Donald E. Pettegrew, Ronald N. Bingham, Loretta Bigler, Blair Rich Elgi, Robert Franklin Merrill, Clyde Hill, McRae Cameron, Reed A. Benson, Bliss G. Fitzgerald, N. L. MacKay.

Fourth row: Keith S. McRae, Avard L. Gifford, Anna Laura Woodland, Rose Campbell, Delbert Patterson, Grant Stewart, Elias R. Torres, Catherine C. Poulter, Frank Pond Reese, Evelyn L. Jackson, Bryant B. Bennett, Mack A. Thalman, Serge L. Huff, John VanGoor, Eugene C. Miller, Milton Wells, Leland M. Stratford, Jr.

Fifth row: Kenneth M. Julian, Mary Jean Freebairn, Alma Hobson Bonner, Hermia Ruth Putman, Anita Van Wagoner, Aldoria Carter, Gloria Long, Florence Gauchat, Beth Crook, Donna Marie McIntyre, Edna Virgin Grace Bradshaw, Adolph Felix, Emma Felix, Helen Carol Larsen, Alida Augusta Larson, John Frederick Larson.

Sixth row: Joseph M. Reed, Russell H. Hansen, Marvin S. Wright, Martha L. Eldredge, Charles I. Lewis, Ora Stoker, Phyllis Yeates, Doris Brady, Viva Aldroyd, May W. Berry, Herbert A. Berry, Nellie R. Schaerrer, John Henry Schaerrer.

Seventh row: Darwin Kay Platt, Athol Graham, Melvin W. Orgill, Robert W. Spence, Chester E. Hamilton, Benjamin G. Wolton, Kay Allan Driggs, J. Warren Davis, Ava L. T. Pugh, Charles U. Pugh, Reava Eliason, H. S. Vance, Serena B. Vance, William L. Soelberg, Vera Barnes, John S. Morgan, Gerald W. Jones.

Eighth row: Stanley E. Abbott, Vernon J. Miller, Charles H. Shepar, Tex K. Bradford, Mark H. Redd, George William Palmer, Charles H. Quilter, John A. Basinger, Jr., Wells Allen Nielson, Kenneth Park Anderson, John B. Gob, P. C. Fletcher, Jack E. Call, Robert B. Herzog, Cleo R. Rich, Alden M. Higgs.

Ninth row: Eldon D. Chandler, Frederick W. Osterloh, Jay Norman Lund, Hall Ludlow, Kenneth B. Lyman, Glen Dean Carver, Joseph W. Burnett, Dean I. Sanders, John Bushman, Douglas Smith, Howard F. Bird, Elenore A. Ehlert, Albert H. Hooper, Raymond McMillan, Wilford A. Beesley, Jr., James H. Langford.

Tenth row: William Ray Williams, Theodore D. Anderson, Ronald P. Willis, Eldon R. Clawson, Melvin A. Larkin, Donald R. Patton, Steven T. Baird, Barnan, Harris, Jay F. Gardner, Gordon Moody, Robert Gibson.

Eleventh row: Charles E. Pearce, Jr., Conrad B. Jenson, Rulon R. Garfield, Grant S. Stensrud, William D. Jones, Carl L. Young, Lloyd Gubbard, Ted T. Curtis, Richard D. Wright, Frank Harold Wirig, George R. Gibbons, John A. Tieman.

Twelfth row: John W. Tanner, Eugene H. May, Merlin D. Compton, George Keith Sirrine, Robert E. Riggs, Don L. Christenson, Roger H. Sorenson, William M. Foxley, Ralph H. Blunt.

Thirteenth row: Richard H. Hart, Dale Francom, Clyde J. Lundell, Preston J. Bushman, Earl S. Spatford, Jack L. Smith, Wilson C. Wood, James W. Sirles, V. F. Victor, Ace Flake, Grant Dalton.

Fourteenth row: Walter Robert Brock, John M. Whiteley, Donald J. Clark, Irvin D. Wyatt, Joseph E. Jackson, A. Curtis Page, Jr.

Fifteenth row: Glen O. Butterfield, Robert L. Ezell, Wallace Dean Hart, Allen Don Hart, Creed Haymond, J. Dale Miller, Hugh T. Low, Smith Murphy, Elry G. Rundskog, Burke Poole.

Sixteenth row: Gail Sanders, Rudger Irwin Adams, Stephen W. Call, Larry Jones, James L. Hendrickson, LaGrand H. Evans, D. R. Thackeray, Russell A. Cannon, Karl J. Hawkins, Jr.

Seventeenth row: Joseph T. Neville, LaRell Munson, Bruce S. Benedict, Parley A. McGinnis, Vernon Holm, Orson Tew, William R. Egbert, Jay Hamilton Smith, Dean F. Fisher, Ben R. Isan.

Eighteenth row: Grant A. Stucki, Keith B. Hogan, Ralph E. Berrett, Robert L. Shaw, Richard Stucki, Marion M. Leatham, Percy Lovell, Lowell Dayton, Sterling H. Campbell, James L. Archibald, Bryant Hanson.

Nineteenth row: Wilford L. Hahn, Alma Len Peterson, William L. Knecht, David Wing, Alan Irons, Mark Robertson, Wayne W. Clark, Milo L. Dew, LaVerne E. Smith, Frank M. Carlisle, Raman Williams, Vernon Eldean Condie, Homer F. Wilkinson.

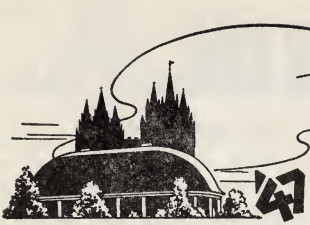
Twentieth row: Philip H. Lyman, Charles V. Hawkins, Gordon C. Homer, Keith Q. Matheson, Donald J. King, Lyman H. Perry, John M. Richards, Jr., Floyd W. Clegg, Rex L. Reynolds, Robert I. Call.

Twenty-first row: John L. Hilton, Walter J. Boehm, John Crandell, Jr., John R. Price.

Back row: Harry Maxwell, Raymond Maxwell, Sterl Grow, Howard Marsh, Frederick P. Jones, DeVon M. Kofoed, Jay E. Jensen, Calvin Ashton, Dale LeCheminant.

Left balcony: Jack C. Higbee, Barzee C. Baker, Arlie James Hebdon, William N. Jones, Donald Guggisberg.





THE SPOKEN WORD

By RICHARD L. EVANS

HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATIONWIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 11:30 A.M. EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME, 9:30 A.M. CENTRAL TIME, 8:30 A.M. MOUNTAIN TIME, AND 7:30 A.M. PACIFIC TIME.

*What Is It That Makes a Pioneer?**

PIONEERING is an important factor of progress—which brings us to the question: What is it that makes a pioneer? By this term we do not mean merely those who leave established communities and old countries because of the difficulty of making a living where they are and the promise of making an easier living elsewhere. We have more especially in mind those who leave relatively secure ways of life to face hardships and uncertainties for the sake of sound principles, those who sacrifice their own present for the future of others. Pioneers may also include those who move from the known to the unknown in their thinking, those who are prepared to forsake traditional error, however well entrenched it may be, and seek always to discover truth, and accept it wherever they find it, regardless of convenience or consequences. It is characteristic of pioneers also to have learned that the world doesn't owe them a living beyond the degree of their willingness to work, and to have learned that there is little satisfaction in eating unearned bread. Likely they have also learned not to expect others to carry all their burdens or to assume their obligations, and yet, in the words of Isaiah, "They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage."[1] We enjoy the heritage we have because pioneers and pilgrims of the past knew that an ideal was worth more than any immediate comfort or convenience, because they knew that the right to think, to speak, to worship, and to work were worth more than anything a man could be given in exchange for them. A great price has been paid by pioneers of the past for the principles that have given us our present. And for what we have and for what we do with what we have, we in turn shall be accountable to generations yet to come. God grant that our children and our children's children may have as much cause to be grateful to us as we have to be grateful to the pioneers and pilgrims of the past!

*Revised
[1]Isaiah 41:6

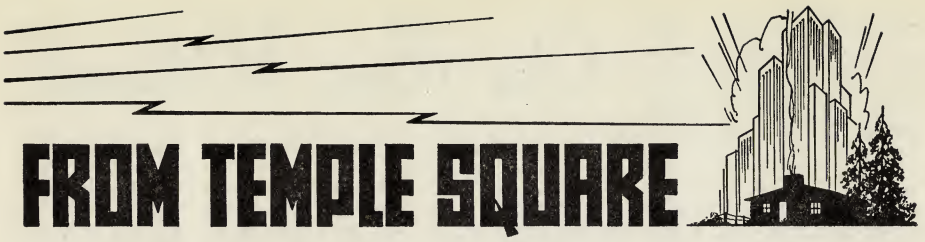
—July 20, 1947.

*Tolerance Without Compromise**

SOMETIME AGO someone coined the phrase "tolerance without compromise." which would seem to deserve further comment. To be tolerant of others it is not necessary to partake of their beliefs or of their manner of living. In fact, one may be tolerant of another and still vigorously oppose everything he represents, yet grant him his right to represent it. Tolerance does not imply that we must get on the band wagon, that we must think or act with the majority, or that we must compromise our sincere convictions. It merely means recognition of the fact that society is complex, that no two people hold the same views on all questions, and that all of us have our own right to think and believe and live as we choose, insofar as we may do so without infringing upon these same rights where others are concerned. In many places tolerance is dead. In many places he who opposes the prevailing mind and will, even in his thoughts, is in jeopardy of dire consequences. And it is natural that tolerance should have died in such places because tolerance travels hand in hand with freedom, and neither can long survive the other. But where tolerance still lives, even though a man oppose prevailing opinion, tolerance would respect his right to do so, even as liberty would demand it. Long ago the Savior of mankind gave us the key to tolerance without compromise when he thanked his Father in heaven for certain of his followers who had remained in the world but were not of the world. Sometimes our young people, and others among us, make the mistake of supposing that tolerance means that we must do the things that others do, that we must be partakers of their ways. They who suppose this have failed to learn one of the greatest of life's lessons: that a man may be tolerant without compromising himself or his own traditions or background or beliefs or convictions or habits of life. Tolerance without compromising truth or sound principles or fundamentals is one of the great needs of this hour.

*Revised

—July 27, 1947.



Customs, Convenience, and Conduct

THE thought has been often expressed that there is no such thing as a basic morality, that the laws to which men are accountable for their moral conduct change as do any other laws, from time to time and from place to place, according to custom and convenience. However much this may seem to be so, let us look where it would lead: To say this would be to say that whatever is condoned by any people or any generation is right for that people and for that generation—that anything any society may decide to do is right for them to do. And to say this is to say that there are no inalienable rights where men are concerned, and that any law a people pass is all right for them to pass, and that any custom a people accept is all right for them to accept. But can we imagine any society surviving where dishonesty, theft, violence, murder, and other immoralities are declared to be lawful? Yet this in substance is what we have said when we say that each generation may make its own rules in all matters, and that the laws of morality are merely a matter of custom. And thus we see where a false plausibility could take us if we were to go with it as far as it goes. To quote a wise and ancient philosopher on the subject: "The opinion that each man holds is not a sufficient criterion for determining the truth. We must be concerned with the question: Are our opinions right? . . . Does the madman do anything else but that which seems to him to be good? Is this criterion, then, sufficient . . . ? It is not . . . Go, therefore to something higher than your own opinion. . . ."[1] And, if there is a law higher than the opinion of one man, there is also a law higher than the opinions of all men. Assuredly, therefore, men are accountable to laws higher than those which they themselves set up to serve their own convenience.

[1]Epictetus, from W. A. Oldfather translation

—July 6, 1947.

Just This Once

THERE is in our language a dangerously disarming phrase by which people often persuade other people to compromise principles. It is the phrase "just this once." "Just this once" has a siren-like lure. It is the forerunner of the phrase "just once more." It is the beckoning voice of a false friend that leads us from safety to a false position, first "just this once," and then "just once more." "Just once more won't matter." "Just once more, and then I'll quit." And so we sometimes move from one false step to another, often deluding ourselves into thinking that this is the last time. In some social and personal matters, many of us live somewhat this way. We may know, for example, that we are living our lives at a pace we cannot keep up, but we hate to refuse a friend. Thus we are led from obligation to obligation, and each time we say "yes," we tell ourselves that we are saying it "just this once" and that tomorrow will be better. But tomorrow is seldom better except as we have the backbone to make it so. In matters of eating and of appetite, people often go from one indulgence to another, always saying to themselves: "Just this once. Tomorrow I begin to diet." "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow." "Just this once" becomes especially serious when people persuade other people that a principle is a matter of frequency rather than a clear-cut matter of right or wrong. It is true that a one-time offender is looked upon with more leniency than a frequent offender. But stealing "just this once," lying "just this once," deceiving, "just this once," or any other act of immorality urged upon anyone "just this once," is a dangerous doctrine. "Just this once" is a long step, but "just once more" is an easier step, and so men often forge their own fetters from link to link. If it isn't right, let it alone. Don't do "just this once" what shouldn't be done at all.

—July 13, 1947.

Inheriting and Perpetuating

FROM the Book of Genesis we recall the account of Abraham pleading with the Lord to spare the city of Sodom if there were but fifty righteous to be found therein. "And the Lord said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous . . . then I will spare all the place for their sakes."[1] Then Abraham, knowing or fearing that not fifty could be found, said unto the Lord: ". . . wilt thou destroy all the city for lack of five?"[2] And the Lord said, "If I find there forty and five [righteous] I will not destroy it."[2] Upon Abraham's continued pleading the Lord promised not to destroy the city if but ten could be found who were worthy to be spared. But the ten were not to be found. It has been written of another ancient empire that "Rome lasted while

[1]Genesis 18:26
[2]Genesis 18:28.

(Concluded on page 606)

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One Rose, Withered

CHARITY SHEFFIELD stuffed lengths of brush crosswise before each wheel of the covered wagon, and tried again. Perhaps by pulling to the side they could get out. "Gee!" she shouted. "Gee!" and the lumbering oxen strained, the yoke creaked, and the mud flew—all to no avail. The wheels remained almost hub-deep in the sticky Iowa mud. Charity wiped her face and hands with the dripping ends of some brush from a near-by bush, and thought: "If Jonathan could only see me now!"

Charity had been acutely aware of Jonathan Shields for five years now, since May 7, 1842, to be exact, the day of the sham battle on the square in Nauvoo. She was a palpitant girl then, and he was one of the youngest captains of the Nauvoo Legion. She had leaned too far out from the balustrade and had dropped a rose from her hair.

Jonathan, galloping past at the moment had swooped in one lithe movement and caught it from the very dust at her feet, and wheeled his horse to give it to her.

For a moment his mocking eyes had met hers, a moment that stood still, his hand outstretched with the rose; her own outstretched to receive it, but something electric had happened between them, something moving and powerful, something bursting with glory, and in that moment he withdrew the rose.

"You will be my lady," he said, "and this my token for battle."

She could only smile assent before he was gone, the rose tucked in the tunic of his uniform, firmly over his heart, and from that moment she might have been Elaine, or any of the other ladies of the court, watching the jousting of the knights of the Round Table, flying the tokens of their ladies on their sleeves.

Emma Smith in her slim and regal beauty might have been Guinevere, and the distinguished Judge Stephen A. Douglas, sitting among the other leading attorneys from Carthage, might have been some notable from a neighboring kingdom. The Prophet Joseph, handsome and athletic as King Arthur himself, rode in the battle.

Ever as the battle progressed, she caught Jonathan's eye, though she didn't then know his name, seeking her out in the moments of lull. When the battle was over, he headed straight toward her. There was a marked flutter of excitement among the girls around her. Amelie Pitcairn fluttered a thoroughly useless fan, batted her eyes, and said, "Oh, deah me," as only a Bostonian could say it.

"My name is Jonathan Shields," he said, coming directly to Charity.

"And mine is Charity Sheffield," she said, wishing suddenly it were anything else—something romantic like Diana, or sweet like Dolly.

"Charity," Jonathan said, his eyes half closed as if he were tasting the delight of its syllables. "Charity never faileth."

"You won," said Charity, scarcely breathing.

"Because of the rose," he said, and handed it out to her, pressed flat and wilted with the warmth from his body. They looked at the little, limp flower and laughed together, and there was kinship in their laughter. She noted the gay, pillored muscles of his young face and the white evenness of his teeth. The line of his mouth was clean and sweetly tilted at the corners, but his eyes were compelling. They circled her face and came to rest on her own in such a way that she wished suddenly for a mirror to affirm what they attested there.

And that was as far as it went, because the tinkling laugh of Amelie Pitcairn cut the moment with ice.

"How old are you, Captain Jonathan?" she inquired archly.

"Twenty-two," Charity heard him say, knowing already, with a sick feeling what was coming. Sure enough, Amelie's delight formed a mild and flattering scream.

"Oh," she said. "Isn't that too amazing? I am just eighteen myself," and she chattered on about her birthday party, a shower of words that seemed artless, but wound with a sure curve to a certain end. "Charity looks very grown up, for a child of fifteen, don't you think?"

Jonathan's eyes sought hers in reappraisal, but she could not meet them, and dropped her own, in the shame of being a child when the challenge of womanhood should have furled its banners over her, and then she did an undeniably childish thing. She fled to hide the quick tears in her eyes, and long that night she sobbed into her pillow with the anguish that only extreme youth can know.

THE pageantry of that day was gone. Two days later the Prophet denounced the mayor for an attempt on his life, under cover of the sham battle, a plot that had been entirely missed by Charity as well as thousands of others, and this was the initial thread of a dark tapestry woven of plot and counterplot, of treachery and betrayal, with the murder of the Prophet as its predominating pattern and the expulsion of the Saints from the beloved borders of the United States as a background.

Against this tapestry the figure of Jonathan moved to Charity's vision, and often and more often there moved beside it the bright and tantalizing figure of Amelie Pitcairn, at the infrequent dances, where Charity was sometimes allowed to go, after concerted pleadings of herself and her friends, and amply chaperoned by her father and mother.

There she danced once with her father, stumbling ignorantly through the mazes of a quadrille, the hands grasping and guiding her in every direction. After that she watched the quadrille until she knew every turn and could match it to every call. Jonathan would never again see her in such confusion. Once her father led her out to a polka, and she conquered the wildly beating pulse behind her flaming face and painstakingly learned the dance, coming back to her seat with a new sense of poise. And once, after that, Jonathan started toward her when the music for a polka started up, but Amelie saw him and neatly headed him off, simply by arranging her course so that it would intercept his at a point directly in front of Charity.

"Oh, Jonathan. This was our dance, wasn't it? I had completely forgotten."

By

Alice Morrey Bailey

It was feminine wile to Charity, who knew by instinct, but there was no doubt its implication passed completely over Jonathan's male head.

Jonathan was not always with Amelie, though, and Charity saw the youthfulness of his face tighten under the grim days that came. She saw unswerving loyalty to the Prophet written in his face, and she knew that more than once Jonathan's broad shoulders had stood between the Prophet and his enemies.

She was there the day they brought the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum back from Carthage, when sorrow lay over Nauvoo like a smothering blanket, as Dr. Richards, Samuel Smith, and General Deming's guard of eight came into town with the bodies.

Charity was seventeen then and gone was every need to embroider her life with the fanciful romance of other lives and other times, for she was caught in the firm drama of events that had no parallel in history. Her cambric handkerchief was pressed against her quivering mouth when Jonathan came by. His face was like flint in his grief, and his eyes looked straight ahead, but he turned as if compelled until he saw her. There passed between them then a look so deep with common tragedy and so rich with knowledge of each other that it was a comfort to Charity in the long days after.

THE day that the mantle of the Prophet fell on Brigham Young, Jonathan was threading his way through the uneasy crowd in the grove before the opening of the two o'clock meeting.

"Charity Sheffield," he said, taking both her hands in his. "You grow more beautiful every time I see you."

"Jonathan," she asked, "what will happen to the Saints? Will Sidney Rigdon be our new prophet? 'Guardian of the Church' he said this morning."

Jonathan patted her hand reassuringly. "Whatever happens is right, Charity. The Lord is still at the head of this Church. Remember that." But his own face showed strain and worry. In fact, anxiety lay heavy on the milling crowd.

"Charity, I'd like to come and see you tonight. Tell me what time, if I may. There are things I have been waiting to say to you."

"Eight o'clock," Charity said, over the tumult of her pulse, and just then the meeting was called to order. Her heart was still pounding when Brigham Young rose to speak, and she shook her head, blinked and looked again, for there in his place stood the Prophet Joseph speaking with the voice of the Prophet Joseph. Jonathan's hand covered hers in a grip that was strong and sweet, and it didn't move when Amelie drifted out of the crowd and came to stand at the other side of Jonathan.

But Jonathan didn't come that night, and Charity, hurt and bewildered, almost knew Amelie had triumphed again. The next day he sent her a note. "Sorry," it read, "I

STORY WINNING
SECOND PLACE
Era-M.I.A.
CENTENNIAL
AWARD

was called into a special meeting last night and couldn't make it. Couldn't send you word. I am going on a mission." What he had had to say must wait——perhaps might never be said!

That was more than two years ago. Jonathan had missed the hate-whipped fury of the mob, the singing anvils of Israel, and the night and day ferrying of wagons across the Mississippi—Israel on the move. Now it was March, and the Sheffield wagons were only two of hundreds that stretched across the muddy plain of Iowa from horizon to horizon.

CHARITY, her body whip-thin and tight as wet rawhide, was trying vainly to get the stupid oxen to pull their supply wagon out of the mire. She had shouted "Gee" and "Haw" until her throat was sore. The steady rain made a cold river of her spine, and icy water ran out of the toes of her rough boots. Her father, driving the wagon ahead, had his own worries. The smaller children, piled in damp discomfort on top of the heavy load, wailed that they were cold and hungry. Her mother lay in a sodden bed with a four-day-old baby sheltered in the crook of her elbow.

The wagon behind belonged to the Pitcairn family, and Amelie sat in the spring seat, huddled against the storm, whimpering that she wanted to go back to Boston, that she was sorry she had ever left civilization, gospel or no gospel, while her father patiently pulled brush and gathered rocks to block the wheels.

Nauvoo lay behind, a hollow and haunted city of beauty, most of its houses echoing emptiness, while the mob raged at its borders, and shouted at its remaining inhabitants to be quit of it. As hollow and haunted lay Charity's dreams of Jonathan, with nothing more left than a dry rose pressed in the pages of a prized volume of *King Arthur* and a hurriedly scrawled note.

She thought fleetingly and with longing of August heat, of filmy summer dresses—and the day that Jonathan had said she was beautiful. "If Jonathan could only see me now," she repeated aloud, for no one could hear her.

"Jonathan can see you now," said a masculine voice suddenly behind her, and Jonathan's hands closed over her own. She twisted in his arms and laid her cheek against his wet coat. "Oh, Jonathan," she said, "where did you come from?"

His arms tightened around her and his voice was husky. "Charity," he said. "Valiant, little, never-failing Charity! I've hunted you in every wagon from here to Nauvoo. I came back from my mission the day after you left there. It was hard waiting for you to grow up. That day in the grove I knew you had, and I thought I was through with waiting—then I got my call—that very day! I couldn't ask you to wait, and I was so afraid someone else would come along first."

"No one could do that ever," said Charity. Jonathan tipped her face to his, and they were oblivious to the voice of Amelie, calling Jonathan, her voice thin and commanding in the rain.

EDITORIALS

We Have Traditions; Cherish Them!

EVERY GENERATION is remembered by the monuments it leaves behind. Whether hewed out of granite or marble, or cast in bronze, or only recorded in history, they represent events that reveal the soul of the times. These monuments of the past, as they are remembered, shape the ideals and practices of the present.

The *sieges alle* in Berlin, keeps alive, in marble, the war spirit of generations that fought, sometimes unworthily, for earthly gain alone—and a bleeding Germany lies in the dust.

John Huss, though burned at the stake for resenting religious tyranny, rises triumphant from the huge monument in Prague—and the love of liberty has animated the Czech nation for centuries.

The Magna Carta, the warrant of free men, has determined the issues of life for centuries among a people on an otherwise insignificant island. And Britain, despite her many follies and misadventures, has carried freedom over the earth to the downtrodden among men.

The past is the web and woof of the pattern, and the very tissue of today.

They who one hundred years ago toiled across the plains and up the mountains to the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, and the many who followed them with ox team, handcarts, or on foot, did so unafraid, for they were on the Lord's errand. When the crickets fell upon the tiny fields in the glaring desert, our fathers turned to God for help. The boys of the Mormon Battalion began their unequalled march with a prayer to God and appealed to him daily. Our men, present when gold was found in the tumbling American River preferred the then barren valleys of Utah where they could build a kingdom to God. Love of God, not of gold, lands, or power over others, was the heart's desire of the pioneers, and to win God's approval was their dear hope. Their fame is secure, thrilling, and inspiring; their work a marvel and a wonder to be acclaimed, and to be sought after.

The great stone and bronze "This is the Place" Monument on the sagebrush covered hill, the hundreds of pioneer cities and villages, the schools and colleges, the long vistas of ripening fields—are the feeble expressions of the love of God which directed every pioneer movement.

It is good to have such traditions! An intelligent people with steady eyes will cherish them and make them part of life. Then indeed we of 1947 will celebrate worthily the victories of 1847.

—J.A.W.

M.I.A. Theme

(Introduction of the new M.I.A. theme for 1947-48 took place at the opening session of the June conference Thursday morning, with the following brief message from President Richard L. Evans of the First Council of the Seventy and a member of the Y.M.M.I.A. general board.)

If you keep my commandments and endure to the end you shall have eternal life. (D. & C. 14:7.)

THERE is in this glorious theme from the Doctrine and Covenants a perpetual promise conditioned upon a perpetual obligation—the promise of eternal life conditioned upon keeping the commandments and enduring to the end.

Keeping the commandments of God is not merely a matter of one moment, or of one day, or of one year.

To keep the commandments, and to endure to the end, means persistent and positive performance. And positive performance is more than the mere absence of active evil. The kingdom of God was never built, and individual salvation was never attained by languishing in inactivity.

We are sometimes inclined to be impressed with the apparent goodness of those whom we observe in peaceful sleep. But it isn't enough just to be good and asleep. We have to be good and awake.

Another thought on this theme: Real happiness is timeless, eternal. It endures beyond the present. Real happiness never offers indulgence today and a headache tomorrow. And those who ignore the rules and disregard the commandments are fooling themselves and only themselves.

A straight line is the shortest distance between two points—but those who mistake a curve for a short-cut invariably wake up far from where they thought they were going.

And time lost on detour, and journeys traveled in the wrong direction are all subtracted from the mark we might have made.

There is no way that leads anywhere that anyone wants to go, except by keeping on keeping the commandments.

"Endure to the end," for "success is never final."

In business, a profit at the end of one day does not mean that we are solvent. In warfare, winning one battle does not mean that we have won a war. In life, a brief season of good works does not mean that we have lived successfully.

An occasional cure does not make a good doctor. An occasional idea does not make a brilliant man. And an occasional worthy deed does not make a successful life.

A man may deal honestly for many years, and then, in one moment, misappropriate money. He didn't endure to the end, and he pays a penalty.

(*Concluded on page* 604)

EVIDENCES and RECONCILIATIONS

CXV. What Did the Pioneers Contribute to the Welfare of Others?

In their westward march from New York State to the Salt Lake Valley, and by ocean to California, the Latter-day Saints established farms, founded cities, and built notable public buildings. Civilization followed in their trail. The states of New York, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, and California have all profited directly from the pioneers. When at last they found partial peace in the valleys of the Great Basin of North America, they set up practices for their own survival which have become of worldwide benefit. Their pioneer toil became a blessing to all the peoples of the earth.

In all their journeyings the living power of the restored gospel was manifested. Despite a persecution unequalled in modern history, the Saints remained faithful to the new-found truth. They might be driven brutally from place to place into the heartless desert, their cities destroyed, their women ravished, their temples violated, their homes laid waste—but their certain knowledge of the truth of the gospel restored by the Prophet Joseph Smith remained unchanged. Indeed under persecution this knowledge flamed higher, and became an increasing witness of the reality of the new message from heaven to earth. Thoughtful people everywhere, seeing this, knew that in their religion lay the power of truth, which may yet restore peace on earth. This will always be the main contribution of the Latter-day Saints.

In the conquest of the arid and semi-arid area of America, the Latter-day Saints made the United States one land. The two seaboards, Atlantic and Pacific, were at the time of the pioneers separated by a vast area supposed to be unsuitable for successful human settlement. There was no continuity of home and industrial life between the two seaboards. They were separated by deserts and mountains that promised to remain hunting grounds for the trapper and pleasure seeker. Then came the Latter-day Saints and showed how the desert could be tamed. The lessons of the pioneers were quickly taken up; the West was invaded by settlers, by slow but steady degrees, until today "from sea to sea" homes touch homes, and America is one continuous land of prosperous people. It was a glorious gift of the pioneers to their country which they believed to have been founded under divine inspiration.

The experiences of the pioneers served also the needs of the people beyond the seas. One-half of the earth's land surface receives a precipitation of less than twenty inches of water annually. We live on a dry earth. This is true on every continent. America is no exception. Fully two-fifths of the United States lie under an annual rainfall of less than twenty inches.

A precipitation under twenty inches, annually, is insufficient, unless conserved by special methods of tillage, to support crops in any degree comparable with crop yields of the humid region. Since water is so important a factor in plant growth, it has followed that the more humid regions of earth have been sought out as places for human settlement, not because of the greater attractiveness from the point of view of climate or soil fertility, but because of the greater ease in securing large crop yields. The civilized world was waiting, when the pioneers undertook their work in the American west, for modern methods by which the equally attractive other dry lands of the earth might be made to serve human needs better than in the past.

This was the first problem of the pioneers. Naturally they turned first of all to the ancient art of irrigation—the artificial application of water to lands for the purpose of producing large and steady crop yields whenever the rainfall is insufficient to meet the full water requirements of crops. A system of irrigation was set up through the pioneer years, on which rest nearly all later irrigation developments throughout the world. Ancient, time-honored laws, like the one that water in a flowing stream must not be diverted from its main channel, had to be abrogated; substitute laws, like that of the beneficial use of water, fitting the needs of the day needed formulation; proper supervision of the delivery and use of water on lands were to be devised; questions of ownership of water, whether a separate commodity or adhering to the land required answer; and methods of human social organization under the canal demanded attention. Courageously and intelligently, the pioneers tackled these problems, and in the end gave to the world a set of irrigation principles and practices, used in one form or another by every section under a low rainfall, which means every continent of earth.

Irrigation, however, did not solve the whole agricultural problem. There is not enough water flowing in streams and rivers, anywhere in the arid and semi-arid regions to irrigate more than perhaps one-tenth of the lands in need of the artificial application of water. What about the remaining nine-tenths of this fertile but dry area? With irrigation well under way, many pioneers turned to this problem. It was found that under certain methods of tillage fair crops could be obtained when the annual rainfall was twelve inches or even less, de-

(*Concluded on page 606*)

How to Protect FRESHNESS and FLAVOR IN FROZEN MEATS



WITH

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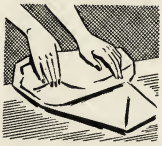
Protect freshness, flavor and appearance in frozen meats, fish, fowl and game with LOCKERAP—the moisture-vapor-proof paper that LOCKS in the NATURAL JUICES. Used by the best locker plants. Get LOCKERAP at your grocer's!

Handy Guide to Correct Wrapping



STEP 1: Use sheet large enough to wrap around TWICE. Place meat close to end of paper and roll over once. BE SURE THAT WAXED SIDE IS NEXT TO MEAT

STEP 2: Tuck in one side of paper. Be sure to crease tightly and tuck securely, insuring air-tight seal. Sealing air out is essential to protection of flavor





STEP 3: Roll meat half over again and tuck in other side of wrapper

STEP 4: Seal tightly with tape or string. Label with soft pencil or crayon.



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Daughter Hubbard's Cupboard

By Lavonne Langolf

MOTHER HUBBARD went to her cupboard and found it empty, but that was long ago. No modern homemakers need to have shelf space going to waste! Even if the cupboard isn't "bare," Daughter Hubbard rearranges and sees what a change can be made.

A little shelf space can be transformed into a library, a writing desk, a beauty bar, or a sewing cabinet. For the library section place a favorite book, and a magazine or two on the shelf; it is surprising how many minutes can be spent in reading rather than in watching the pot boil!

A stationery box doesn't take much space, yet it can hold postal cards, writing paper, stamps, a pencil, and a fountain pen. Waiting for him to come to dinner won't seem nearly so long if the time is spent writing that little note that has been neglected.

The beauty bar can hold nail polish, lipstick, powder, and a clean puff.

An empty cracker box makes a handy sewing cabinet, and it is plenty large enough to hold thread, needles, scissors, thimble, as well as a few sox or something else that needs mending. You know, a stitch in times saves—it saves time for something else!

Try hanging a calendar on the inside of the cupboard door for checking those appointments you don't want everyone to see. It is surprising how many wasted minutes could be used and how many things can be enjoyed, when before there was never time enough.

Perhaps Mother Hubbard's cupboard *was* bare, but that was long ago. Daughter has new ideas!

TREES IN AUTUMN

By Laura Emily Mau

THE trees
Have changed their leaves
Of green to red and gold
To scatter warmth when autumn winds
Blow cold.

Cook's Corner

Josephine B. Nichols

LUNCHES FOR THE SCHOOL CHILD

AN adequate lunch is just as important as breakfast or dinner for good nutrition of the school child, whether served at home or carried to school. Lunches should be planned several days ahead in order that they may be properly prepared, appetizing and nutritious.

A good home lunch should contain the following foods:

1. A main dish such as:
   cream soup
   cheese or egg
   meat or fish
   scalloped or creamed vegetables
2. Enriched bread and butter
3. Fruit or tomato
4. Milk or a milk drink or milk-rich dessert.

There are many nourishing foods which are easy to prepare for the lunchbox. If these foods are properly prepared, carefully wrapped, and packaged they will remain appetizing and attractive after the trip to school. Sandwiches should be wrapped individually in waxed paper. Salads and puddings should be placed in covered paper containers.

A hot dish or a hot drink gives variety and tastiness to the well-planned lunch.

The following is a guide for planning a good carried lunch:

1. Substantial sandwiches (made from a variety of breads with a generous amount of nutritious fillings)

2. A crisp salad, celery, raw carrot, or a tomato (to keep vegetables crisp, wrap in a wet paper towel then in wax paper)

3. Something sweet like cookies, gingerbread, custard, fruit, or puddings

Variety is important if the lunch is to be eaten and enjoyed day after day.

The following recipes may be helpful in preparing lunches:

Mock Chicken Salad Filling

½ pound cooked veal
4 hard cooked eggs (chopped)
¼ cup chopped sweet pickles
salad dressing

Cook's Corner

Mix veal which has been cut in small pieces with eggs, pickles, and enough salad dressing to moisten.

This is an excellent filling for hollowed out wiener rolls.

Fish Loaf

2 cups shredded cooked fish
1½ cups mashed potatoes
½ cup fine dry bread crumbs
salt and pepper
½ cup evaporated milk
1 egg
1 tablespoon butter

Mix ingredients thoroughly, season to taste. Pour into a greased loaf pan. Bake at (350° F.) 30 to 45 minutes, or shape mixture into small cakes and sauté in hot fat.

Whole Wheat Nut Bread

2 cups whole wheat flour
1 cup white enriched flour
½ cup brown sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
¾ cup chopped walnuts
½ cup mild molasses
¾ cup milk
¾ cup water

Dissolve brown sugar in water, add molasses and milk. Add to sifted dry ingredients to which nuts have been added. Bake in two greased loaf pans for 35 minutes at 400° F.

Oatmeal Drop Cookies

½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg
¼ cup evaporated milk
¼ cup water
2 cups rolled oats
1 cup chopped raisins
1½ cups sifted enriched flour
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2½ teapsoon baking powder

Cream shortening. Add sugar slowly. Then add the well beaten egg, milk, water, oats, and raisins. Sift flour with salt, cinnamon; add baking powder. Add to first mixture. Drop from a teaspoon onto a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven 375° F. until brown, about 20 minutes. Makes 40 cookies.

Baked Postum Custard

3 cups milk
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons instant postum
3 eggs slightly beaten
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Scald milk with postum. Combine eggs, sugar, salt, and vanilla; add hot liquid gradually. Pour into greased baking dish or custard cups. Place in pan of hot water and bake at 325° F., 45 minutes or until knife inserted comes out clean. Chill, serve plain or with cream. Shredded coconut may be sprinkled over the top. If custard is to be carried in lunch box, bake in unwaxed paper cups.



"We have committed the Golden Rule to memory; let us now commit it to life."

Yes, to a large extent this is true. From time to time it is well for us to be reminded of the common kindnesses and courtesies which we sometimes fail to extend and yet which play such an important part in the lives of people. Those who show understanding and consideration for others wield a powerful influence for good. Since example is probably the most powerful method of teaching, especially among the children and young people, it is not amiss that we should subject ourselves to self-analysis occasionally and determine whether our example is conducive of good and worthy of emulation, or whether the sublime purity and innocence of childhood have been impaired or besmirched through our thoughtless or inconsiderate actions.

As bearers of the priesthood we cannot escape the responsibility the Lord has placed upon us with regard to our relationship to children—an admonition which behooves us to be shining examples of righteous living and devotion to our Maker. Speaking to us in our day the Lord has said:

> And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord.
>
> And the inhabitants of Zion shall also observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
>
> And the inhabitants of Zion also shall remember their labors, inasmuch as they are appointed to labor, in all faithfulness; for the idler shall be had in remembrance before the Lord.
>
> Now, I, the Lord, am not well pleased with the inhabitants of Zion, for there are idlers among them; and their children are also growing up in wickedness; they also seek not earnestly the riches of eternity, but their eyes are full of greediness.
>
> These things ought not to be, and must be done away from among them; . . . (D. & C. 68:28-32.)

Have our examples built or diminished the faith of these little ones? Have our acts bewildered them and offended God, or have they been inspiring and ennobling?

In one matter there is considerable room for needed improvement. This is in the relationship of the priesthood to the Church Sunday Schools. In the March 1947 issue of *The Instructor*, page 141, appeared an article addressed to the superintendents, incorporating suggestions and recommendations with which the general priesthood committee fully concur. We desire that the priesthood of the Church set the proper example and extend the courtesy and consideration requested and merited by the following pronouncement:

We shall greatly appreciate the influence of the priesthood committee of the General Authorities in urging the brethren who attend priesthood meeting the hour preceding Sunday School to remain for the Sunday School work, as originally planned when gospel lessons for the adults, including members of the priesthood quorums, were assigned to the Sunday School. In case there are those in attendance in the priesthood quorums who of necessity have to leave on adjournment of the priesthood, it would be helpful to the Sunday School if they would remain in their class rooms until the children and young women have entered the chapel and the Junior Sunday School quarters rather than to be marching away from the meetinghouse while the children and women are coming in. This, as is evident, makes a rather bad impression on the younger generation.

These recommendations, we are informed, were approved by the General Authorities.

July 17, 1947

To Presidents of Stakes and Chairmen of
Stake Melchizedek Priesthood Committees
Dear Brethren:

The enclosed questionnaire is sent as a means of determining your present policy, problems, and recommendations with regard to the meeting time of the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums of your stake.

Current instructions have permitted stakes to establish at their own option the meeting times of the priesthood. This has resulted in a great variety of meeting dates and hours. It is now desired to study your findings and recommendations in this important matter to ascertain the wisdom and feasibility of effecting a simplification and unification of the present priesthood program.

Kindly complete and return this questionnaire in the enclosed stamped, self-addressed envelope within ten days. Your promptness and thoroughness will be deeply appreciated.

Faithfully your brethren,
General Priesthood Committee
By Ezra Taft Benson

Subject: Questionnaire Re. Priesthood Meeting Time.

1. Name of Stake: _____

	Weekly Meeting	*Monthly Quorum Meeting*
2. *Elders* Quorum or Group Meetings:		
a. Day of week:	_____	_____
b. Time of meeting:	_____	_____
c. Length of meeting:	_____	_____
3. *Seventies* Quorum or Group Meetings:		
a. Day of week:	_____	_____
b. Time of meeting:	_____	_____
c. Length of meeting:	_____	_____
4. *High Priests* Quorum or Group Meetings:		
a. Day of week:	_____	_____
b. Time of meeting:	_____	_____
c. Length of meeting:	_____	_____

5. Do these meetings conflict with or overlap other meetings? (Yes)_____ (No)_____
   If so, what organization and to what extent? _____
6. Do you find your present meeting time most advantageous? _____
7. What time and day for priesthood quorum and group meetings do you feel would be conducive to maximum efficiency? State freely your suggestions and recommendations. _____
8. Explanation of unusual conditions. (Use reverse side if necessary.)_____

Signed: _____
Date: _____ Title: _____
Address: _____

PRIESTHOOD

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE — HAROLD B. LEE, CHAIRMAN; EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MC KAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS

Quorum Meeting Time

INCREASED emphasis is being placed upon priesthood responsibility. There is much work to be done if the duties devolving upon the priesthood are discharged as the Lord intended. Yet, generally speaking, it has been delegated only a minor place in our daily affairs and religious devotions. Many quorums and groups consider their priesthood responsibilities pretty well accomplished if they have attended their fifty-minute weekly meeting.

Can we truly honor our priesthood by subordinating the quorum meeting to a position wholly incompatible with the divine purposes for which it was instituted? Will slackness in divinely imposed obligations merit the blessings of the Lord and engender in priesthood quorums the full spirit of brotherhood and fellowship? Just what place of importance should quorum meetings and activities assume? What hour, day of the week and length of time are most conducive of the maximum benefit to the Church and bearers of the priesthood?

These and many similar questions dictated the desirability of sending to presidents of stakes and chairmen of stake Melchizedek Priesthood committees the attached letter and questionnaire in the hope of determining the practice, needs, and desires of the priesthood members with reference to these matters.

"This Is the Place"

(*Concluded from page 573*)

prowess as it is exhibited in the highest and best in sports. They commemorate, too, the ideals of the pioneers in courtesy, service to one another and to visitors and strangers.

And now, (to paraphrase Albert W. Hadley):

Exclaims the traveled stranger guest,
"This is the place in all the West,"
Where Brigham and his Mormon band
First built in Utah's wonderland."

And so 'twill be year after year
They'll criticize or praise or cheer;
When we have long since quit the race
Will still be heard: "This is the place."

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

Costs Again Mount

SATAN, the devil, is still on the march. Any interested observer may see abundant evidence of this fact in many different places and in many different directions. But at the moment we are looking at liquor and tobacco consumption, the dollars paid for which in Utah (and in the country as a whole) during the fiscal year 1947, which ended June 30, reached an all-time high, exceeding the unprecedented record of 1946. Following are the official figures obtained from Utah State Tax Commission:

Paid for	1946	1947
Cigarets	$ 6,856,215	$ 7,705,137
Beer	12,096,603	13,606,916
Liquor	12,822,668	13,402,669
Totals	$31,775,486	$34,714,722

Thus the increase was 9.5 percent over the record high of 1946, making the amount paid in 1947 three times more than was paid in the pre-war year 1941, which was $11,372,052.

Why this enormous rate of increase? It is due to Satan, who is ever active, trying to accomplish the downfall of man. Liquor and tobacco are not good for man. The Lord said it and he knows, and Satan knows too; that is why Satan is back of and supports every effort to increase the consumption of these injurious substances. Sounds rather dogmatic and preachy, you say? It may be, but it is the truth. In general the effects of the consumption of these narcotics are physically, mentally, and morally bad. But Satan, working through designing and capable men (and women), using vast sums of money, has made it appear desirable, respectable, and socially smart to indulge in the use of these soul-destroying narcotics. (See the article, "Alcohol and the College Student," on page 581 in this issue of *The Improvement Era*.) "American ignorance, and gullibility for clever sales talks, are the chief causes" of wide-spread smoking and drinking.

This column is written for Latter-day Saint readers—for people who believe in the divine calling of the Prophet Joseph Smith. To them it may be trite to say that liquor and tobacco are "not good for man." But it is extremely helpful, particularly to young people, to learn that the findings of able and learned men fully confirm the truth that the Lord revealed to Joseph Smith. Hence whatever may be the case with non-members of the Church, those within its fold cannot sinlessly indulge in the use of liquor or tobacco. However, the use of these narcotics has increased among Church members. (Of this should we not be ashamed?) They have been intrigued by the deceptions of designing men and by the indulgences of those "who know not God." But from these things they will turn away when they give serious thought to the commandments of God. Magazine articles, pamphlets, books, everywhere abound from which the reader may learn that liquor and tobacco are not good for man, and their use is displeasing to God.

So let us use all available means to induce our people to take these facts seriously to heart and mind and then resolve that they have no money to waste in ways pleasing to the devil. Let us all resolve to keep the two *Great Commandments*.

September

IN CHURCH HISTORY

AFTER retiring for the night, Sunday, September 21, 1823, the Prophet Joseph Smith was visited by the Angel Moroni who told him of the Book of Mormon record. This visit was repeated twice more that night, and once on the following morning, and by previous appointment Joseph met Moroni at the Hill Cumorah at the same time in 1824, 1825, and 1826, and received instructions. Joseph received the sacred record and the Urim and Thummim to translate it, September 22, 1827.

Section twenty-nine of the Doctrine and Covenants pertaining to the last days and the gathering was received in September 1830.

Joseph Smith wrote an address on baptism for the dead, September 1, 1842. On the sixth he wrote another address upon the subject. (D. & C. 127, 128.)

The Nauvoo Mansion was opened as a hotel by the Prophet in September 1843.



The PRESIDING

Ward Teaching

Suggestions in Season

STAKE and ward committees on ward teaching should prepare now to place increased emphasis on ward teaching. While there should never be any relaxing of effort in this important priesthood activity, no stake or ward should go into the fall season without preparation to launch a drive for the most effective and successful ward teaching ever accomplished.

A few suggestions are presented herewith that may prove helpful:

STAKE COMMITTEES

1. All stake committees should be fully organized and functioning
2. Hold monthly meeting of the stake committee regularly
3. Assign members of the stake committee to make regular visits to the wards
4. Stimulate the plan to hold a ward teachers convention on a stake basis
5. Prepare and mail stake reports to reach this, the Presiding Bishopric's, office by the fifteenth of each month

WARD COMMITTEES

1. Bishops should have ward committees fully organized and functioning.
2. Ward committees should hold without fail the regular monthly meeting of the ward committee. (This is a minimum requirement.)
3. Bishoprics should see that two active ward teachers are assigned to each district.
4. Emphasis should be placed upon the necessity of all ward teachers attending ward teachers report meeting each month.

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY

OCTOBER 1947

NOTE: *This course of study is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric for presentation during the monthly meeting of the ward youth leadership to be conducted by the bishopric in each ward. Members of the ward Aaronic Priesthood committee and of the ward committee for Latter-day Saint girls are expected to attend this meeting.*

THE choice of a mate and one's happiness or unhappiness in marriage are extremely important in determining the long-range character of one's religious life and activity in the Church. Fine young Latter-day Saints who marry each other and attain much happiness are likely to encourage one another in gospel-living and in Church service. Marriage outside the fold and marriages in or out of the Church which end in divorce, often lead the participants away from things religious. Because of the importance of marital happiness, we leaders of youth should be mindful of the subject and seek constructively to help lay the foundations of success in marriage in the lives of our young people long before the time of marriage.

Many Latter-day Saints marry nonmembers of the Church. Careful students of marriage problems all recognize that a common religious faith is important to happiness in marriage. The divorce rate and the degree of unhappiness in marriage are considerably higher among marriages between persons of different religious affiliation than among those of the same faith. Some wonderful people have come into our Church through marriage; but, too, many fine people have been lost to the Church by marrying people not of our faith. It is highly desirable that we encourage our youth to marry within their faith. How can we best do this?

Propinquity

(Definition: "Nearness of nature, disposition, interests, etc.; affinity; as, propinquity as an aid to courtship.")

Marriage, to a great extent, is a matter of propinquity. A young person naturally and obviously marries someone with whom he associates. If a young person of marriageable age and interest finds his association among Latter-day Saints, he will most likely marry one; if among non-Latter-day Saints, he will likely marry one of them. Therefore, if we wish our young people to marry within the faith, we should help them to associate and mingle freely with each other as Latter-day Saints.

Secondly, what kind of associations lead to marriage? Today, more than ever before, courtship has a social, recreational basis. Young folk have dates, play, ride, dance, eat, go to movies, and the like together, and mar-

A Challenging Record



J. HAROLD RICH, JR.
JAMES A. KNIGHTON

HAROLD, the incoming president of the deacons quorum, Boise First Ward, Boise Stake, and James, the outgoing president, have attended all priesthood meetings, except one each because of illness, since they were ordained two and one-half years ago and three years ago respectively. Each of these leaders has qualified for the Individual Certificate of Award every year since his ordination.



SMITHFIELD STAKE has gone all out for the Aaronic Priesthood music program, and excellent comments on the singing of the chorus are heard from the many localities where the boys have sung. The chorus is made up of boys from each ward in the stake and is directed by Willard Thorneley.

BISHOPRIC'S PAGE



Edited by Lee A. Palmer

Aaronic Priesthood Choruses

Department in Priesthood Leadership Meeting

It is recommended that a separate department for stake and ward Aaronic Priesthood music directors and organists be held each month when the stake priesthood leadership meeting convenes. The department meeting will afford an excellent opportunity for stake leaders to meet ward leaders in a discussion of problems pertinent to the progress and development of the Aaronic Priesthood music program and the musical welfare of the boys who comprise the chorus membership.

Order of Business

1. Roll call of wards
2. Review of current instruction concerning the Aaronic Priesthood music program received from the Presiding Bishopric
3. Discussion of ward Aaronic Priesthood chorus problems: (An exchange of ideas)
   a. How to interest boys in singing
   b. Discipline at rehearsals
   c. Attendance at performances
   d. Other topics of interest
   e. How boys can best be used after they are prepared to sing
4. The monthly topic—
   A course of study on the subject of the boy's voice and boys' choruses has been prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric. It is planned that the subject be presented in monthly instalments during the separate departmental meetings. Outlines of the course of study for September, and each month thereafter, will be sent directly to Aaronic Priesthood music directors.

L.D.S. Girls

Bears Testimony



MARTINE HARRIS

Martine is a member of the Idaho Falls Second Ward, Idaho Falls Stake. In a recent sacrament meeting, her testimony concerning the L.D.S. girls program was an inspiration. She expressed gratitude to all those whose "help and understanding" have meant so much to her.

"Ever since I was very small," Martine stated, "my parents have taught me that we do have the true gospel."

Here is a good example of how the "help and understanding" of L.D.S. girl leaders, and the teachings of parents, combine to the blessing of youth.

riage eventually follows. If we as youth leaders are to encourage marriage within the Church, we must see that our boys and girls not only meet each other, but also that much of their recreational life comes to them through the Church. Let them play, dance, eat, and talk with each other under the wholesome, spiritual influence of the Church!

Questions

1. What steps are you taking in your ward, stake, or community to help young Latter-day Saints meet each other?
2. Discuss the values of a recreational program planned on the basis of numbers, where larger groups of boys and girls are brought together in social life.
3. Of what does the recreational life of boys and girls together consist of in your community?
4. What part of this is under the auspices of the Church?

Next month: How to help our youth succeed in marriage.



Florida Stake has lost no time in catching the spirit of the Aaronic Priesthood program. Though one of the newest stakes in the Church (organized January 19, 1947), they are moving forward like seasoned veterans.

Pictured above are Aaronic Priesthood members and leaders assembled at Camp E-Chack-O-Tee where they enjoyed a real "he-man's" type of boy outing. The event included such highlights as running broad jump, sack race, one legged race, backward race, 220 yard dash by bishops and counselors (Bishop Luther Thomas winning), 220 yard dash by stake presidency (won by President Jacquard M. Lindsey, chairman of stake Aaronic Priesthood committee), and many other outdoor sports, not excluding the feature of the day—"plenty of good eats for all with more than enough ice cream for dessert."

Watch Florida—they seem determined to play on the winning team.

What are *little girls* made of?

SUGAR and spice and everything nice . . . that's what the nursery rhyme says. But what will really make your little girl, now just a tiny baby, grow up lively and strong and happy?

First, and most important, is the milk you give her because milk supplies the minerals she needs to build sound teeth and bones, and to help her make the best of growth.

Of course, it must be *good* milk. Being sure about that isn't any problem. Doctors recommend Sego Milk for babies because it is uniformly rich in the food substances of whole milk; because it is always easy for babies to digest; because, in its sealed container, Sego Milk is surely free from harmful germs.

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Editorials

(*Concluded from page 596*)

A man may perform as a patriot for a long time, and then commit one act of treason. He didn't endure to the end, and he pays a penalty.

He who falters will receive his reward for all the good he has done, but it will not be the reward of him who keeps the commandments and endures to the end. There is a premium for consistency of performance in all pursuits.

We none of us know how long we shall live. We none of us know how perishable is our opportunity to perform our part in this life, and the only thing we can do in wisdom is to conduct ourselves as though each day constituted our full and final performance. There are none so young but what any other course could lead to misconduct, and there are none so old but what they could forget the part they play if they were to relax their vigilance. Whether we are young or old in years, it is never safe to set aside any proved principle. For each promise and penalty will follow our performance as surely as this day has followed all those that have preceded it.

That we shall move quickly or that we shall perform spectacularly is not of first importance—but that we shall move surely and safely from moment to moment, from hour to hour, and from day to day, is the procedure for all who would reach their highest possibilities, for after the portals of this life open and close behind us, we shall still have ourselves to live with, and our performance to account for.

The greatest rewards, here and hereafter, are for consistency of performance. "If you keep my commandments and endure to the end" —not only for today, not only for tomorrow, but also this day, and always—"you shall have eternal life, which gift is the greatest of all the gifts of God."

NOW, SEPTEMBER

By Courtney Cottam

OH, I could crush the will to wander
Where deep canyons cleave asunder
mountain walls;
Could leave September's pageantry, her
song,
If autumn did not tinge the leaves; if calls
Of wild birds were not echoed in my heart;
If hazy skies and piny scents forbore,
And fall subdued her wasteful, wanton urge
To spread a gay rug and the moss-brown
floor!

Dear Gleaner:

By the time you become a Gleaner your character is largely formed, but you are aware of some faults which you have, and you are often harassed by worries. Sometimes, you may feel misunderstood, even by your parents and closest friends. However, you should never feel that you stand alone. Your most secret thoughts and actions are known to your Heavenly Father. He is always ready to hear and answer your prayers, whether you address him in privacy at your bedside or from your heart in the midst of people, perhaps in a situation dangerous to you. Your every prayer, whether oral or silent, is heard by your Heavenly Father.

"Call upon the Lord often in prayer," are words which perhaps appear in your own patriarchal blessing. Whenever you need special help—to take an examination, to play in a recital, to give a talk, to determine proper behavior, or at a time of sickness or sorrow—pray earnestly for the guidance of the Holy Ghost.

Of course when you pray, you will feel more justified if you have done your full share in preparation for the blessing you desire. Since the Lord has told us that when we obtain a blessing it is by obedience to the law upon which that blessing is predicated, you should live to merit the blessings you seek.

If you live as well as you can and your prayers do not seem to be answered as you wish, try to see the good in matters as they turn out. Sometimes your earthly parents do not feel inclined to grant certain requests of yours because they may fear trouble, and pitfalls lie ahead in the course you desire. Sometimes, influenced by your entreaties, they yield, to your subsequent discomfiture.

Your Heavenly Father, however, knows with perfect knowledge the experiences in mortal life which will bring you the greatest development, the experiences which will refine and purify you. Although they may be hard ones and seem not to be an answer to your prayers, learn to accept, humbly, all experiences that come to you. Your Father's perfect love will not spare you trials, thereby retarding you eternally; rather he permits them, so that in overcoming them you may gain the greatest progression. He will grant those prayers you ask which are for your best good, but you should always understand this condition and pray as did his perfect Son, "Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done."

Pray in the morning and pray in the evening. Pray wherever you are and in whatever you do to live righteously and resist temptation. Go to your Father in heaven with your troubles and perplexities. Seek his help in overcoming your faults and weaknesses. Pray that you may be more sensitive to his love. Turn to him for comfort. Pray for others as well as for yourself. Pray for an understanding heart. These things, through your faithfulness, you may earn. Through constant prayer and through living in accordance with the Holy Spirit which your Father will give you to guide you, you may earn the greatest blessing which he can bestow upon a righteous and obedient daughter—eternal life.

In closing I pray, dear Gleaner, that you may ever use prayer to keep open a straight path of close communication with your Father in heaven.

Affectionately yours,

Marianne C. Sharp

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Registration Days Sept. 29, 30

WINTER QUARTER BEGINS JANUARY 5

(New student's applications due Dec. 1)

Brigham Young University
PROVO, UTAH

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(*Concluded from page 597*)

pending on various conditions. This system became known as dry farming. Like irrigation, dry farming is of great antiquity, but primitive methods have limited its practice, and made it hazardous. The work of the Latter-day Saints, in this field has been heralded far and wide, and been the means of bringing under profitable production millions of acres of land in every continent.

The pioneers belonged to the civilization that Anglo-Saxon peoples had won for themselves through centuries of struggle. The gains of that struggle they must maintain. The stark, forbidding desert must be subdued, but not at the price of civilized life and living. Somehow, they must hold on to their social, economic, and spiritual possessions on the conquered desert as well as they had in humid regions. That was the challenge to the pioneers—to build communities of modern, civilized people under the ditch, comparable or superior to those of the rainfall regions from which they came. That accomplishment was the great contribution to the world's welfare, a great lesson to the workers on the half of the earth's surface lying under a low rainfall.

How that was done will yet be the theme of many a book and lecture. Hundreds of peaceful villages, with schools, churches, and the public park; remains of factories and other industries; a people who stand foremost among all people, anywhere under the sun, in educational standing—all these are silent witnesses of the success of the pioneers in learning how, though in the desert, to live a full life.

As their work is studied, the eternal principles of their success stand out boldly. Only by co-operation can the tasks beyond the strength of a single man be accomplished. Industry is demanded by every successful enterprise. Education enables work to be done properly. Faith in God brings to weak, mortal man power to do, and happiness to enjoy, that make all effort worthwhile. These were the cornerstones on which they built faith, education, industry, and co-operation.

The pioneers came to the Great Basin of North America in search of a land of peace. Out of their necessary toil for self-support, came great contributions to general human welfare: America was made one continuous land; the one-half of the earth lying under a low rainfall was taught how the desert can be conquered; all mankind were shown the cornerstones of success in every endeavor; and the path to divine joy on earth and beyond was laid bare.

Thank God for the pioneers!

—*J. A. W.*

The Spoken Word

(*Concluded from page 593*)

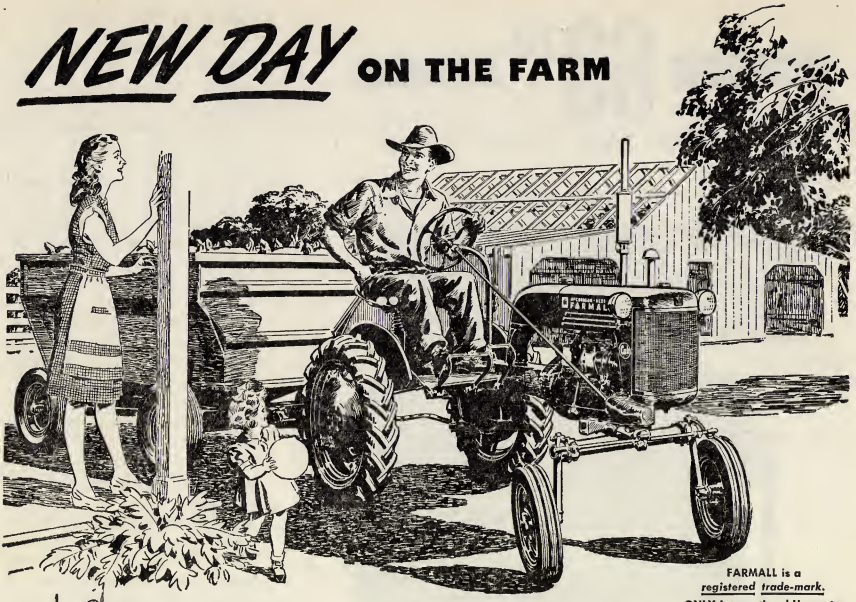
there were Romans."[8] What men want, they seek; and what they sow, they reap. Righteousness lasts as long as men live righteously. Decency is found where decency is cherished and preserved. So it is with all else that makes life worth while. Freedom lasts as long as people place a higher value on freedom than they do on some other things. A people may have inherited a way of life from a previous generation, but merely inheriting something does not assure its perpetuation. No way of life is long enjoyed unless we work for it and live for it. And we have no right to expect that privileges and blessings shall be showered continually upon us whether we earn them or not, or deserve them or not. It is not enough merely to receive. "It is not enough to be inheritors only." And anyone who expects to inherit everything is on his way to losing what he has inherited. If enough of us are willing to pay the price to preserve the principles, we shall have some chance of saving what was so sweet to our fathers. If enough of us are not willing, we shall reap as we sow. "Rome lasted while there were Romans." Sodom could not produce the required ten. A way of life lasts only so long as there are those in sufficient numbers and with sufficient courage and conviction to preserve the principles and ideals that brought it into being.

[8]Author unknown

—*June 29, 1947.*



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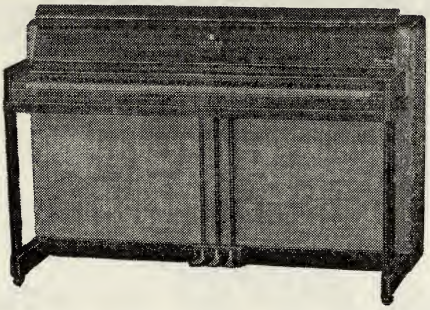
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Hole in the Rock

(*Continued from page 584*)

Sevy cried out, "You'll fall! George, close your eyes! Take my hand!"

But it was too late. George Hobbs was already gone from the wall of the cliff. Sevy shuddered. He tried to force his ears not to hear. He kept his mind within its own confines, until, by sheer will, he could hold his own position. And then he began his descent, but slowly, painfully sure of every step. He reached the bottom, certain that Hobbs would be dead. What he saw was three gaunt, wild-eyed men, speechless from laughter. It drove him to a frenzy of anger.

"Stop it!" he cried. "Stop it, you idiots. Close your mouths and help find a way out of here!"

"What's wrong with a good laugh?" Redd gasped, and laughed the harder.

"Shut up, George Hobbs!" Sevy cried. "But for your clumsy fall, I'd have been to the top by now. Safe. Safe! Do you hear! Yet I risk my neck to get back to you, and find you all laughing like silly fools! Die, if you want to! I'm getting out of here. Now, before you drive me crazy, too!"

"Who are *you,* to give orders?" Redd snapped. Then, because he was older, more dispassionate than the others, he spoke in a mollifying tone. "What is there to do, George?"

Still angry, Sevy cried, "You might try *dreaming* a way out! You did it *once,* do it again!"

Morrell laid his hand on Sevy's arm. "We're losing grip on ourselves," he said. "I don't think you quite know what you're saying, George. It's true that we laughed when we saw Hobbs come tumbling down the cliff, but to you it was no laughing matter. *You* scoffed at Brother Redd's dream, yet it was no scoffing matter. It gave us a way out of one of the toughest spots we've been in. If we ever get out—and we've got to—we'll have to stick together, brothers all the way."

Sevy took a deep breath to steady his nerves, tried to speak, and couldn't. He knew no apology was expected of him, but he wanted to make one. Hobbs came to the rescue with a suggestion. "Do you suppose—" he began groping his

(*Continued on page 610*)





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Hole in the Rock

(*Continued from page* 608)

way toward the ledge, "would a snow dugway work?"

Sevy grasped the idea. Relief spread over his features. Relief from an embarrassing situation, relief that the suggestion was a possible way out.

"It would hold *us* up," he said. "But we'd have to abandon the stock."

Letting their differences die, the four men considered the suggestion. "I'd hate to lose Marthy," Morrell said with mock solemnity. "She's such a good girl." Redd thought Marthy was no better than his two mules. Sevy was of the opinion that the animals could get along without human companionship, but it would be hard on the humans without the animals.

"We'll stage a grand reunion in the spring," Hobbs laughed. "Right now, we'd better get to work."

And they did. By night there was a slippery dugway of snow, winding up the cliff to the mesa on top. Weary of mind and body, the scouts went down to their camp again and fell supperless into bed.

With the first streak of light they were awake, staring at their bed covers in amazement. While they slept, a three inch fall of hoarfrost had covered them, and, even in the dim light, it glittered, cracking its brittle little spikes with the slightest movement of the blankets.

Sevy threw back his covers and ran to the improvised dugway. "Hard as rock!" he cried. "It'll hold the horses up!"

They tested the dugway with their four weights at once, and it held. They jumped up and down, laughing and shouting at their good fortune. Then, sobered by their deliverance, they gathered their stock and began the ascent.

Marthy took the dugway without fuss or bother, just as she had taken every difficulty of the trip. The mules followed Marthy, then the horses, then the men, paced far apart for safety. George Sevy, last in the strange line, turned at the top of the dugway to look back down the treacherous Slick Rock ledge. "We've licked you again!" he cried. "The next time we tackle you, we'll cut so deep you'll never lose the

(*Continued on page* 612)

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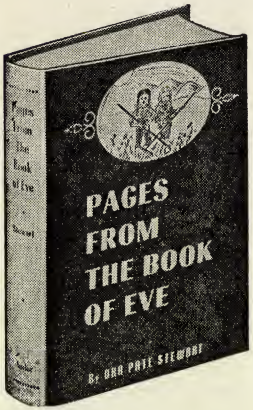
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Hole in the Rock

(*Continued from page 610*)

scars. Our generations will know we've been this way!"

On to the Hole in the Rock the four scouts filed—across Gray Mesa, white and solitary—down the steep and deceptive sides of Cottonwood Canyon, where even Marthy brayed her reproach. From it, they slid, rolled, and crawled, until they reached the ridge between the San Juan and the Colorado. Thirteen days in a white wilderness! Nothing but flour porridge to eat, blinded by sunglare, wracked by weariness and frost bite, hopelessly sorry sights even to themselves!

"I don't see how we can go another mile," Lem Redd gasped. "There's thunder in my ears! I can't walk another step."

"You won't have to—for a considerable distance, at least," Sevy told him wryly, "for here's a place where we can *slide* clear to the bottom. And if this canyon doesn't lead to the Colorado, I'll confess I'm no scout."

"You're probably right," Lem said. "Since from this point *every* canyon leads toward the river. Let's start sliding."

And slide they did. The descent, though painful, was, at least, effortless. They simply let go and landed if and how they could.

Once at the bottom, assured that they had broken no bones, they started down the narrow canyon. Neither thinking nor planning ahead, dragging their feet, clinging to the tails of their animals, muttering in fevered delirium as they grew weaker, colder, they staggered on. One fell into the snow, then another and another, till Morrell alone was on his feet.

"Get up, boys," he pleaded. "The river is near. I know I can hear it. And it seems like—" He raised his nose to the wind. He sniffed it hungrily. "No. No, it's not food I smell. It's—it's a crazy dream. I'll—I'll—" He gave up and slumped into the snow beside his friends.

George Hobbs pulled his face up from the frozen snow, got to his knees. What time had passed he did not know. He felt stronger, less feverish. He got to his feet, crying out with the pain of weight on his deadened limbs. The sound roused Lem, and George Morrell, but Sevy

(*Continued on page 614*)

Uncle Henry swore his first car would be his last. For creeping oil that scampered from hot cylinder walls let them wear so badly it cost a mint to run. "RPM" would have made it an oil-miser because it's compounded to cling to engine hot spots and minimize wear.

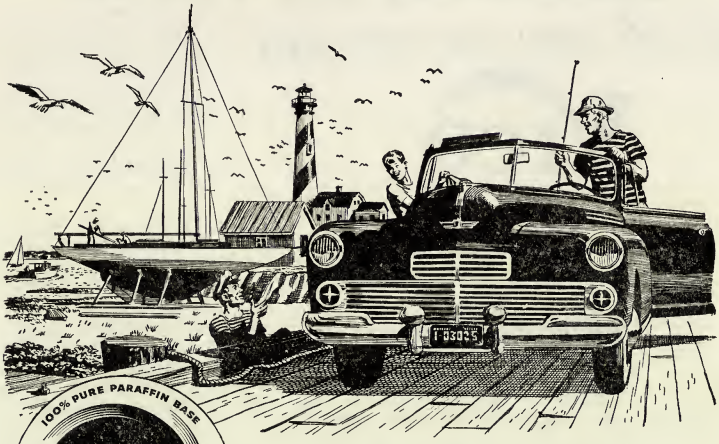




Uncle Henry weakened again in 1922 and bought a Lexington. But he went back to trolleys when internal rust ruined its engine. "RPM" is compounded to rust-proof motors and stop this cause of 80% of engine wear.

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Hole in the Rock

(*Continued from page* 612)

lay as if dead. They stood him up and held him, talking to him, telling him they were almost home. His breath began to ease through his chest, and they shook him to consciousness.

"You and Lem ride to the river, Hobbs," Morrell said. "Take the strongest of the mules."

"Why do that?" Hobbs questioned. "We've got to get there together."

"You're a good swimmer—you—could bring help. We—"

"You think there won't be anyone there to help us in," Hobbs interrupted.

"We're thirteen days past due," Morrell insisted. "We'll be given up for dead."

"Not as long as I have a friend left in camp!" Hobbs exclaimed. "They'll be at the river to help us in."

"Just the same—" Morrell looked at George Sevy.

Hobbs saw that Sevy was too ill to do more than crawl. It would be better to ride ahead and send help back to him and Morrell.

"I guess it's the only way," he said. "But those poor beasts are in no shape for it; they leave a ring of hair and blood with every step. Thank heaven it's sandy from here. Come on, Lem. Let's go."

FOR three miles they followed the river, north, toward the Hole in the Rock, struggling against torpor, their heads sagging against their chests. Then, suddenly both sat erect. "Food!" they cried, then denied the thought, thinking they had gone mad. They were yet a mile from the river camp. They couldn't have smelled food.

"By the eternal," Hobbs yelled, "that is meat!" He flung himself from the mule. "Come on, Lem! Get off and run!"

But Lem could not move. He sat as if grown to the trembling mule.

Hobbs continued to run. He forced his breath into an animal-like call; but all he heard was its echo. He kept his pace, stumbling over the rough ground, closing the distance between him and the mad odor of frying meat. A crazy strength possessed him, forced him on.

(*Continued on page* 616)

IDEAS from a neighbor's farm

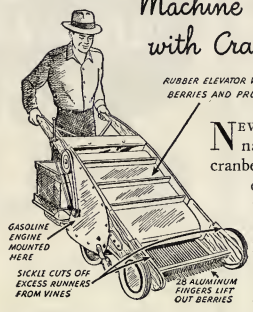
Safeway's Farm Reporter keeps tab on how farmers make work easier, cut operating costs, improve crop quality. Safeway reports (not necessarily endorses) his findings because we Safeway people know that exchanging good ideas helps everybody, including us. After all, almost a fourth of our customers are farm folks.

Eggs kept "nest fresh" on the farm



A SIMPLE dip method by which small egg producers can seal fresh-laid quality in eggs has been developed by the Agricultural Experiment Station at Oklahoma A. & M. College. Method is inexpensive and easy to use, and it can increase income from eggs sold on grade. Sealing solution is made from prepared paste mixed with water. Protective film on eggs is so thin normal appearance of eggs is unchanged. Eggs may be cased immediately after dipping without soiling fillers or flats.

Machine "walks off" with Cranberry crop



NEWEST IDEA for eliminating stoop labor in cranberry picking (vacuum devices are now widely used) is this self-propelled, 150-lb. stripping machine which also prunes the vines and cleans up bog. Developed by the three Stankavitch brothers, practical cranberry growers of Bandon, Oregon, the machine is said to be capable of picking 60 bushel boxes per hour in good berries. Operator simply guides machine—like garden tractor. Berries stripped from vines are conveyed into box at rear.

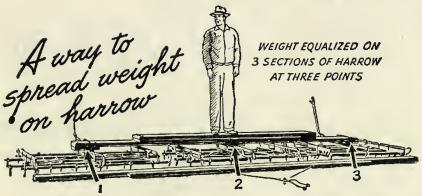
Why fresh corn at Safeway is cool-of-the-morning sweet



AS CORN GROWERS and Safeway buyers know ...warmth can steal flavor and sweetness from fresh-picked corn. *(Example:* Corn loses sugar four times as fast at 78 degrees as it does at 32 degrees!) So Safeway buyers take care to protect the natural sweetness of tender, milky corn while it's enroute to Safeway stores.

Our buyers specify corn harvested in the cool of the morning, and then arrange for the ears to be quick-cooled in ice water. Packed in ventilated crates or sacks, the corn is placed immediately in refrigerated cars, with extra snow-ice packed around the corn. Because Safeway customers enjoy better-eating, sweeter corn they naturally eat corn often . . . growers benefit by a larger, steadier market.

A way to spread weight on harrow



USE OF A SINGLE PLANK as the driver's platform on a 3-section, horse-pulled harrow tends to concentrate weight on middle section where driver stands. Improved platform arrangement shown here equalizes weight on all 3 sections of harrow, Colorado A. & M. College points out. Platform is held at ends by rods fastened to harrow. Cleats on bottom prevent it from working endwise. There's no trouble with binding.

- *Safeway buys direct, sells direct . . . to cut "in-between" costs*
- *Safeway buys regularly, offering producers a steady market; when purchasing from farmers Safeway accepts no brokerage, directly or indirectly. Safeway pays going prices or better, never offers a price lower than producer quotes*
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Hole in the Rock

(*Continued from page 614*)

"Oh—Ah—" he called. "Oh—ah—Oh-ah—" until he could shout it no more. . . .

At the fire, four lookouts jumped to their feet. "Oh-Ah—" they answered. "Hello! Hello!" They followed the faint sound, not daring to answer again for fear of losing it altogether.

They found Hobbs. They lifted him to his feet, and dragged him to the fire.

"Where are the others?" they gasped, staring in disbelief at Hobbs' face, his skeleton frame.

Hobbs could not answer. He fell toward the food and began to devour it. "Cook more!" he cried, tearing at the meat with wolfish teeth. "Get Redd—Sevy—Morrell —" he muttered between gulps of food. Cook more!"

The lookouts led Lem into the circle of firelight. They lifted him off the mule and set him by the fire. But it did not rouse him. They poured hot broth into his open mouth, speechless with horror and sympathy. Then, "The signal!" one cried, recovering. With up-flung heads they cried in unison, "A-ho! A-ho!" A thousand echoes bore their voices to the cliff top. A fire blazed up. Three shots rang out. Then two. . . . Then one!

From the west cliff came an answering fire. Three shots—two—one— And the people knew the scouts were in. . . .

(*To be continued*)

GERANIUMS

By Georgia Moore Eberling

My mother's red geraniums
Are lovely, cheerful flowers;
In ruffled apron and frilled cap
They sit and sun themselves, and tap
Against the windowpane at me
The very minute that they see
Me come from school. I think they smile
And nod at every passer-by,
And I am very sure that's why
We love their scarlet, dancing frill
Upon the sunny window sill.

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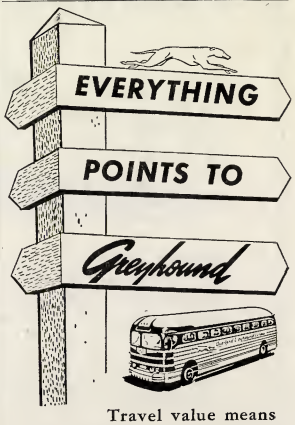


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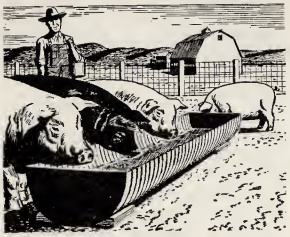
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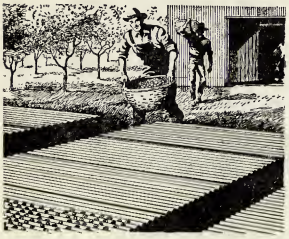
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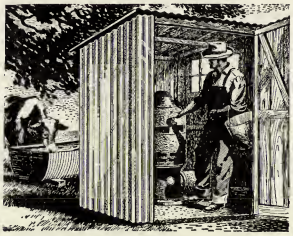
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Lasts a lifetime.	Replacement necessary.
No painting necessary.	Add to original cost: Cost of painting every 2 or 3 years.
No costs for repairs.	Cost of repairs due to corrosion and leaks.

(*Continued from page 580*)

temple site would permit. At three p.m. all assembled for a special meeting in the Parish Hall adjoining the lot.

FINAL INSTRUCTIONS to trekkers were given at the meeting. This group would follow as much as feasible the organization and routine of President Brigham Young's original pioneer group of a century ago. He had 143 men, three women, and two boys in his group; so did we. The pioneers had a chorus; we had one, led by George C. Lloyd of Salt Lake City. Luke Johnson was physician in President Young's group; Dr. John C. Stocks of Bountiful, whose mother was born on the plains, was ours. Rattlesnake oil was sometimes used to treat "black leg" of the original trekkers; we had our medicines, a whole carload of them voluntarily provided by John H. Wessman, Malad, Idaho, pharmacist. (Mosquito repellent was to prove his most popular article.)

Like the original pioneers, we had a bugler, and a fiddler. They had blacksmiths; we had three auto mechanics. They had William Clayton, author of "Come, Come, Ye Saints"; we had Alfred M. Durham, who wrote the song, "This Is the Place."

The original company arose at five a.m. That would be our rising hour. They had a night-long guard; so would we—two brethren at a time serving two-hour shifts.

Our organization was the same as theirs: a company president, two captains of hundreds, five captains of fifties, and fourteen captains of tens, besides a captain of the guard.

Our procession would include seventy-two vehicles, the number in the first pioneer company.

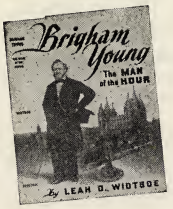
All instructions, including listings according to companies, had been mimeographed under the capable direction of John W. Boud, our personnel chairman, and were distributed at the meeting.

OURS was an unusual group. We had four stake presidents and a number of bishops and former ones. With us was Lorenzo H. Hatch of the Y.M.M.I.A. general superintendency; F. M. Michelsen, former president of the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce, and Dr. L. O. Halgren, a former president of the United States Dental Association. There were a bank president and a bank cashier, and a college student body president. There were farmers, industrialists, lawyers, judges, and housewives. Utah, Colorado, California, Idaho, and Illinois were represented. All were descendants of Mormon pioneers who had reached Salt Lake Valley before the coming of the railroad in 1869. All wore pioneer clothes. The observer could not distinguish a landscape gardener from an insurance company executive. All were pioneers—and brothers—on this trip.

Before adjourning, the trekkers bowed their heads, and Elder Kimball prayed for the Lord's guidance and protection on the journey.

At seven-thirty p. m. a bugle sounded the beginning of the first public program of the trekkers. From the stand, erected for the oc-

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Centennial Trek

casion by the Nauvoo Chamber of Commerce, one caught an interesting picture. About two thousand spectators formed a huge crescent around the platform. Behind the crowd were the white tops of the wagon covers, accentuated by the bright foliage of trees above them. Higher still was the white of the headdresses of Catholic nuns looking out from the second-story windows of Parish Hall.

The program included talks, Mormon hymns, and a dramatization by trek players portraying the "rise and fall" of Nauvoo, directed by a trekker, Francis L. Urry of radio station KSL, assisted by Donald B. Alder of Salt Lake City, who played the role of Brigham Young in all trek dramatizations.

Highlight of the program, however, was the talk of a tall, well-groomed gentleman, Senator T. Mac Downing of the Illinois legislature. There was hushed attention when he spoke his words:

> . . . In the year of 1947, as a member of the Illinois legislature, one cannot help but be deeply impressed with contrasts of today and one hundred years ago. At that time, Governor Ford of Illinois was reporting to the Illinois legislature of the progress of a war in Nauvoo. In those one hundred years, civilization in Illinois has come a long way. Then, by incitement and inflammation, the people of this section declared open war against a people who had the will and determination to worship God as they chose. Now, we are happy as part of the same great state, to welcome the sons and daughters of those brave people back to the land of their forebears. . . . Speaking, then, for the Governor of Illinois [attending the Governors' Conference in Salt Lake City at the time] and the law-making bodies of this state, we rejoice that in the lapse of one hundred years, no war exists in Nauvoo. The inflammatory tongues of criticism and incitement are still. We stand hand in hand as tolerant people, each joining in the well being, happiness, and accomplishments of the other. . . .

At this program, as at other ones on the journey, mementos were presented by the Sons of Utah Pioneers to state and city officials. A pair of beaded buckskin gloves, made by the Ute Indians, was given Senator Downing.

On Tuesday morning, the bugle sounded, prayer was offered, and breakfast served by the commissary department, directed by William E. Nelson and Joseph S. Bennion.

(*Concluded on page 620*)

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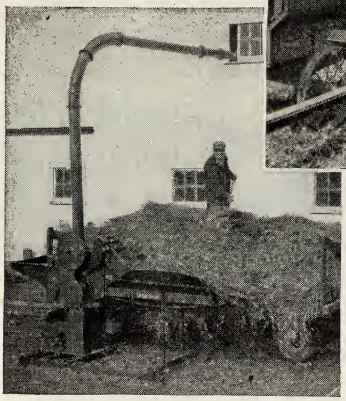
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Centennial Trek

(*Concluded from page 619*)

Among the newsmen on the grounds that morning was the nimble, dark-complexioned city editor of the Quincy *Herald-Whig*, a daily covering that area of Illinois. He had introduced himself to us before. His name was Dave Tuffli, and we were impressed with his acumen as an editor-reporter. On this morning he had a large bundle of papers.

"Here, distribute them among the trekkers," Mr. Tuffli said. "They are yours through the courtesy of the *Herald-Whig*." The paper, dated July 14, 1947, contained seven trek pictures, four of them on the front page, accompanied by Mr. Tuffli's excellent article, two columns long. There was also an editorial which reflected the reverent spirit of the trek:

> . . . The caravan is a tribute to the hardy pioneers who overcame all misfortunes, in their search for freedom, to build cities in the desert. It is also a hardy reminder of the spirit that built America and made it great. The Saints ventured into the West in much the same manner and for the same reason that the Puritans came to New England. . . . This week, the pioneers are again on the march as a reminder that the spirit of America still lives in the hearts of strong men and women who have the will and the energy to carry a great nation to even greater heights.

Trekkers were grateful for this kindness from a newspaper more than a hundred years old—one which had recorded the moods and heartbeats of this same region since before 1839, when Quincy was a refuge for the Saints fleeing the fury of Missouri.[2]

THE bugle signalled the trek to begin. The sound truck had been rolled into the center of the circle. Each car had been provided with number stickers, and cars were to travel according to number.

Byron Openshaw, radio announcer among the trekkers, called, "Number one," our number, over the sound system. We jumped into the car. The caravan began to roll—up Nauvoo's main street, down the hill and past the Prophet Joseph's frame Mansion House and along the tree-lined Mississippi.

We glanced back. Tears were not far away from some eyes.

(*To be concluded*)

[2] The paper today is the outgrowth of the Quincy *Herald*, founded in 1835, and *Whig*, established in 1838.

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Hang this thrilling new Centennial picture, "The Pioneers," by James M. Sessions, in your home, office, chapel, classroom, Relief Society Center or Boy Scout den . . . and thereby will hang a tale . . . the stirring story of Utah's dauntless pioneers.

This Centennial painting, by one of America's leading contemporary water colorists, will help to preserve for future years the most important thing we can hope to recapture through Utah's year-long Centennial celebration . . . the vision to plan a better life; the courage to carry on under heart-breaking disappointments; the patience of brave men and braver women; the faith of believing children; the stamina of plodding oxen.

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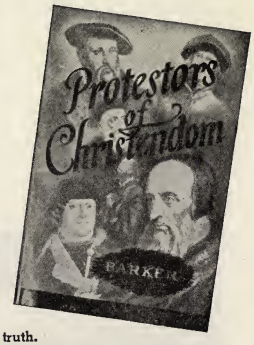
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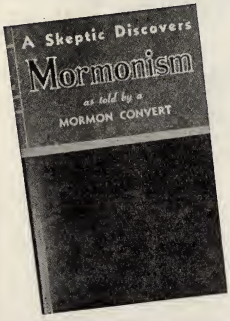
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—John A. Widtsoe

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Poetry

PIONEER SILHOUETTE

By Ruth J. Devereaux

She stood, as evening shades embraced
The last sweet fragments of the day,
Among the sun-bleached, rolling hills
Amid the sagebrush, gray
With dust a human train had stirred.

She stood where man had ne'er yet
Sought to build his home, where God
Had stayed the hand of life
To bring forth its abundant yield from sod
Unquenched by sparkling mountain streams.

She stood where just before her
Death forbade all living things to breathe.
Tomorrow's hope lay in her eyes;
Tomorrow's dreams unfold to wreathe
A silhouette of courage against a cloudless sky.

INDIAN SUMMER

By Solveig Paulson Russell

Indian Summer—dear to me!
Where could greater beauty be?
Where could sunshine be more mellow?
Where more wealth of red and yellow?

Indian Summer—crisp leaves fall,
Grapes hang purple on the wall,
The garden dreams, peaceful and old,
Adorned with jewels of pumpkin gold.

The woods, sun-filtered, hear the call
Of busy squirrels where brown nuts fall.
On far-off hills, plum-colored haze
Drapes cool shade for Autumn days.

Indian Summer—flaming trees;
Days of wealth, indeed, are these.

CREATIVE ARTIST

By Helen Maring

He contemplates the rusted pioneer plow—
Its brown blade slanted by the shading tree,
Its oakwood worn and beautiful to see,
The handles holding strength of sturdy bough.
The sun shines misty by the hill's worn brow
While he sits thinking of Eternity
And seeing pictures of the forms to be,
With message that his talents must endow.

The reminiscent plow is filled with time
Like visions that he holds in quiet thought—
The concept, and the beauty of life has bought
With darker years and doubts. The sun-rays climb
Into the tree, and higher than the gray,
And he starts painting what his heart would say.

MAKING JEWELS

By Genevieve J. Van Wagenen

The lowly oyster has a trait
That I should like to cultivate.
Whatever enters to destroy,
He seals up so it can't annoy.
And so it is all through his life,
With pearl he covers hurt and strife.
He has a simple, easy rule:
Of trouble, he creates a jewel.

Finer Flavor

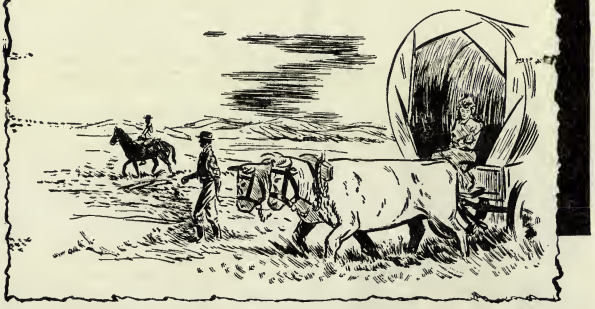
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HERE'S ONE DELIGHTFUL DISH
CHICKEN FRICASSEE IN RICE RING

1 can (1 lb. 13 oz.) Lynden Chicken Fricassee
2/3 cup uncooked rice
1/3 cup cheese, grated
3 tablespoons butter
1/2 cup finely chopped onion
1 cup finely chopped parsley
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 1/2 cups top milk, scalded
2 tablespoons chopped pimientos

Cook washed rice in 2 cups water until tender. Drain. Rinse in hot water. Add cheese and butter to hot rice, mixing lightly with a fork. Add onion, parsley, salt and pepper. To beaten eggs add milk slowly and combine with rice mixture. Pour into buttered ring mold. Bake at 325° for 45-50 min. Unmold. Serve with heated LYNDEN CHICKEN FRICASSEE and gravy in center.



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On the BOOKRACK

BRIGHAM YOUNG
THE MAN OF THE HOUR
(Leah D. Widtsoe. Bookcraft, Salt Lake City. 179 pages. $2.00.)

THE stature of Brigham Young grows greater with time's perspective. Even the appraisal of his own people is continually subject to revision in his favor. And the appraisal of "outside" historians, scholars, and statesmen is moving him ever upward in the long list of the great men of all time. Those who read this biography of Brigham Young will find an economy of detail without scrimping comprehensive coverage. "The man of the hour," which literally he was, is made to live again as a man of understanding and of action, through the capable and appraising pen of Leah D. Widtsoe. As Brigham Young's granddaughter she gives to this work an authenticity of intimate knowledge with a supporting structure of documented data, well chosen, well written, and covering with warm color and with scholarly care the great breadth of a broad life, in which matters of church, country, colonization, and common sense are combined. For any reader anywhere who wants a "full" account free from excess verbiage *Brigham Young, the Man of the Hour* will be a useful, authentic and satisfying volume.—*R. L. E.*

THE GOSPEL PLAN
(Milton Jenkins Jones. The Deseret News Press. 1947. 88 pages. $1.25.)

HERE are outlined the main subjects of the plan of salvation. The words of the scriptures are used mostly to tell the story; but the author's comments will help the reader to understand better the meaning and conditions of the tremendous story of man's eternal journey. The book will be read profitably whether or not one is proficient in gospel lore.—*J. A. W.*

THEY HAVE FOUND A FAITH
(Marcus Bach. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1946. 300 pages. $3.00.)

THE professor in the School of Religion, University of Iowa, has an intimate study of the little-known religious groups of America. In this he tells in a most readable manner, what he found as he visited Jehovah's Witnesses, Spiritualism, The Kingdom of Father Divine, Unity, The Four-Square Gospel, Oxford Group, The Bahai Faith, and Psychiana. Certainly, after reading these vagaries of belief, one is convinced that all men seek an acceptable philosophy of life and that few find it. The restoration of the gospel was indeed necessary.—*J.A.W.*

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The Pioneers

(*Continued from page 573*)

where snow-born streams scantily slaked the desert's thirst. It was the Promised Land for a modern Israel, but it lay before them as a western, barren wilderness of Sinai. Brother Brigham gazed a moment on this previsioned landscape, then spoke: "It is enough. This is the right place. Drive on."

DOWN in the valley they turned out the water upon the dry land; they planted; they reaped; they worked; they played; they sang; they worshipped; sometimes they mourned; but happiness and contentment came and lived with them. Their faith and works wrought miracles.

The Pioneers came with a great and simple Christian faith in God, his justice, mercy, and love. Bearded, bronzed, stalwart, they were steel-tempered by toil, trial, and hardship. Industry, thrift, frugality, honesty, walked always by their sides. Law and order, obedience to proper authority and right dealing, guided their steps. Independence, self-reliance, self-respect, neighborliness, were their fellows. Fearlessness, courage, fortitude, high resolve, went before them. They lived with work and honored it. Thousands and tens of thousands of all beliefs, followed, urged forward and sustained by Pioneer virtues. Nature was subdued; the wilderness was overcome; the desert blossomed; the hills yielded their treasures; the mountain streams gave drink to the thirsty, burning soil; a mighty empire rose from the land like a blessed exhalation.

Log cabins grew into adobe houses and these into buildings of brick and stone. A mighty temple, dedicated to the work of the Lord, rose in their midst, carved from the granite of canyon walls, the first of eight that this people were to build to the salvation of their dead. Meetinghouses everywhere welcomed the worshiper. Stores, banks, factories, mines, mills, smelters, came into being. Flocks and herds peopled the ranges. Schools and colleges came early and multiplied. The hive of industry became the symbol of a great commonwealth. Faith and strength and righteousness bore

(*Concluded on page 626*)

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Because the nutritional requirements of babies vary widely, there can be no one formula that is best for all babies. This is why we do not publish formulas.

Only your doctor is qualified to tell you how to prepare your baby's formula. Soon after baby arrives he will give you full directions and then regularly adjust the formula to baby's changing needs.

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You can be glad that your baby is a Special Morning Milk baby!



Special
MORNING MILK

(*Concluded from page 625*)

their fruit of comfort and safety and the joy of living.

All through the years the people have been blessed, even in their most dire need, blessed, they feel, beyond all other peoples on earth—blessed in their right to get and safely to keep the fruits of their own labors; blessed in their right peaceably to assemble, to discuss their grievances, to speak fully their minds, to print without let or hindrance what they thought and said; blessed to live under a reign of law and order; blessed to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences under the law of the land.

So we honor these men and women of iron will, of surpassing spirituality, of a trusting, living, simple faith. They have done their work; they have earned their reward, which God is bestowing upon them. None can rob them of the fruits of their labors. They are secure.

AND now the natural, obvious question:

What of us? Can we keep and preserve what they wrought? Shall we pass on to our children the heritage they left us, or shall we lightly fritter it away? Have we their faith, their bravery, their courage; could we endure their hardships and suffering, make their sacrifices, bear up under their trials, their sorrows, their tragedies, believe the simple things they knew were true, have the simple faith that worked miracles for them, follow, and not falter or fall by the wayside, where our leaders advance, face the slander and the scorn of an unpopular belief? Can we do the thousands of little and big things that made them the heroic builders of a great Church, a great commonwealth?

When we see what God hath wrought through them; when we count our blessings; when we see our children in peace and plenty and happiness; when we ponder upon our rights, our liberties, our free institutions; when we perceive the threats against all this rising on all sides, when we see the wolves, lean and hungry, standing at the gate of the sheepfold, ready, eager to enter and destroy all that our civilization has built over the years, all that we cherish most and hold most dear—in home, in family, in worshiping Almighty God, shall we not here and now reverently vow to him that sees and knows all, that, he willing, we will tread the narrow path of patriotism and righteousness our fathers trod, we will fully keep and follow their simple faith, unpolluted, we will guard and preserve our freedom and its protecting institutions, we will transmit to our children and our children's children, the full priceless heritage that came to us; shall we not solemnly declare that to this end we dedicate our all, even to life itself? God grant this may be so!



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Dedicatory Prayer

(*Concluded from page 571*)

have ever been who have lived upon the earth. And now we thank thee for this additional blessing, the completion of this monument that will stand here during the ages to be recognized as a tribute from the descendants of those who came when it was not easy to come, who gave their all that we might worship God according to the dictates of our conscience. This monument stands to the memory of those who opened this territory and adjacent territory to the settlement of thy sons and daughters. Bless us, Father, that we may realize this wonderful gift and that we may show by our lives our appreciation to those from whom we have descended.

And now we thank thee for the knowledge that thou art our Father. When the time comes for us to part company here in mortality, and when we shall go to the other side and dwell in immortality, grant, O Father, that each of us and those we love and influence may be found there in due time with their names enrolled upon the Lamb's Book of Life with the right to dwell in thy celestial kingdom.

Again we pray, help us to love one another and to be worthy of our nation, the Constitution, and the men who gave their all in order that we might enjoy these blessings.

We dedicate this property that has been set apart by the Governor, and this monument. We dedicate all that pertains to it to thee, our Heavenly Father, that it may be an inspiration to all who look upon it, to honor thee and keep thy commandments. We pray that thou will preserve it in every way and that joy may be the result of its erection. And all those who have participated in it, Heavenly Father, bless them. Bless those who have given of their means, even the children who have contributed of their pennies and small amounts, that they may feel that they have an investment here that is accepted by thee, and that is pleasing in thy sight.

We do this humbly and thank thee again for all thy mercies, and pray that thou wilt accept of our offering, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.



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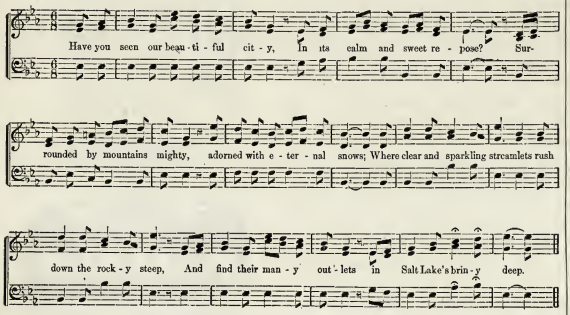


YOUR PAGE and OURS

A Favorite song of President George Albert Smith written by his friend, William Willes, sixty-one years ago.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR BEAUTIFUL CITY?

Words and Music by Wm. Willes.



Have you seen our beautiful city,
When Sol lights up the scene;
Where all is bright and pretty
And clothed in living green?
Where peaceful homes and gardens
Loom up on every hand,
And Zion's winsome maidens'
Bright presence cheers our land.

Have you seen our dear-loved city
Where peace and plenty grow;
Where interest and duty
In one broad channel flow?
Where all the Christian virtues
Around our hearts do shine,
And Zion's son's and daughters
In union all combine.

Have you seen our cheerful city,
Where shade trees line the way;
And little, gushing streamlets
Unceasingly do play?
Where bright and cheering prospects
On all sides meet our gaze,
And where unceasing incense
Ascends in prayer and praise.

Have you seen our garden city,
Where children thrive and throng?
'Neath education's banner
Is heard the joyful song.
Here age is venerated,
Here labor meets reward;
And innocence protected,
All wickedness ignored

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AN ENVIABLE RECORD

The four young people pictured above were graduated from four different high schools in the North Texas District. Each was the only Latter-day Saint in his graduating class, and all graduated with honors.

Peggy James, seventeen years old, was graduated from the Monahans High School where she was editor in chief of the school paper. Her mother is president of the Monahans Branch Relief Society.

Betty Rowe, at sixteen years of age, was graduated with honors from the high school at Sweetwater, Texas. Her father, Matthew P. Rowe is the district president of the North Texas District, and her mother is the district Relief Society president.

Wayne White, seventeen years of age, son of President Lloyd D. White of the Monahans Branch, was graduated from Fort Stockton High School where he was student body president and voted most popular all-around boy of the year. His mother is a counselor in the Monahans Branch Relief Society.

Carl Pratt was graduated from Pecos High School on his seventeenth birthday. He was valedictorian of his graduating class and winner of three scholarships. He will attend the Rice Institute at Houston, Texas, this fall, and the other three are planning to attend Brigham Young University.—Reported by Glenn G. Smith, president, Texas Mission.

HUMOR

Arm Breaker

The talkative city man was trying to start a conversation with a tight-lipped native.

"I say, haven't you broken your arm there?"

"Yes."

"Did you have an accident?"

"No."

"Well, then, how on earth did you break it?"

"Trying to pat myself on the back."

"Patting yourself on the back? What on earth would you be trying to do that for?"

"For minding my own business."

Young Man With A Future

"I understand that son of yours is learning a trade. Do you think he'll work at it?"

"Not that boy—he's probably learning it so he can tell people what kind of work he's out of."

Purpose in All Things

Two explorers met in the heart of the deep jungle and were discussing their life's work:

"I came out here," said the first, "because the urge to travel was in my blood. The dullness of town life got me, and the smell of burnt gasoline on the highways sickened me. I wanted to see the sun rise over new horizons, hear the flutter of birds that have never been scared by man. I wanted to leave my footsteps on sand that had been unmarked before I came along. In short, I wanted to see nature in the raw. What did you come out here for?"

"My daughter was taking tuba lessons!"

Good Question

"I'm sorry, lady," said the doorkeeper at the movie theater, "but you cannot bring that dog in here."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," the woman protested. "What harm can the picture do to a little dog like this?"

Tact

He was in the act of proposing:

"And, my dear, I'll lay my fortune at your feet."

"It isn't a very big fortune," she said, coldly.

"I know, sweetheart, but it will look awfully big beside your little feet."

For a fruitful winter!

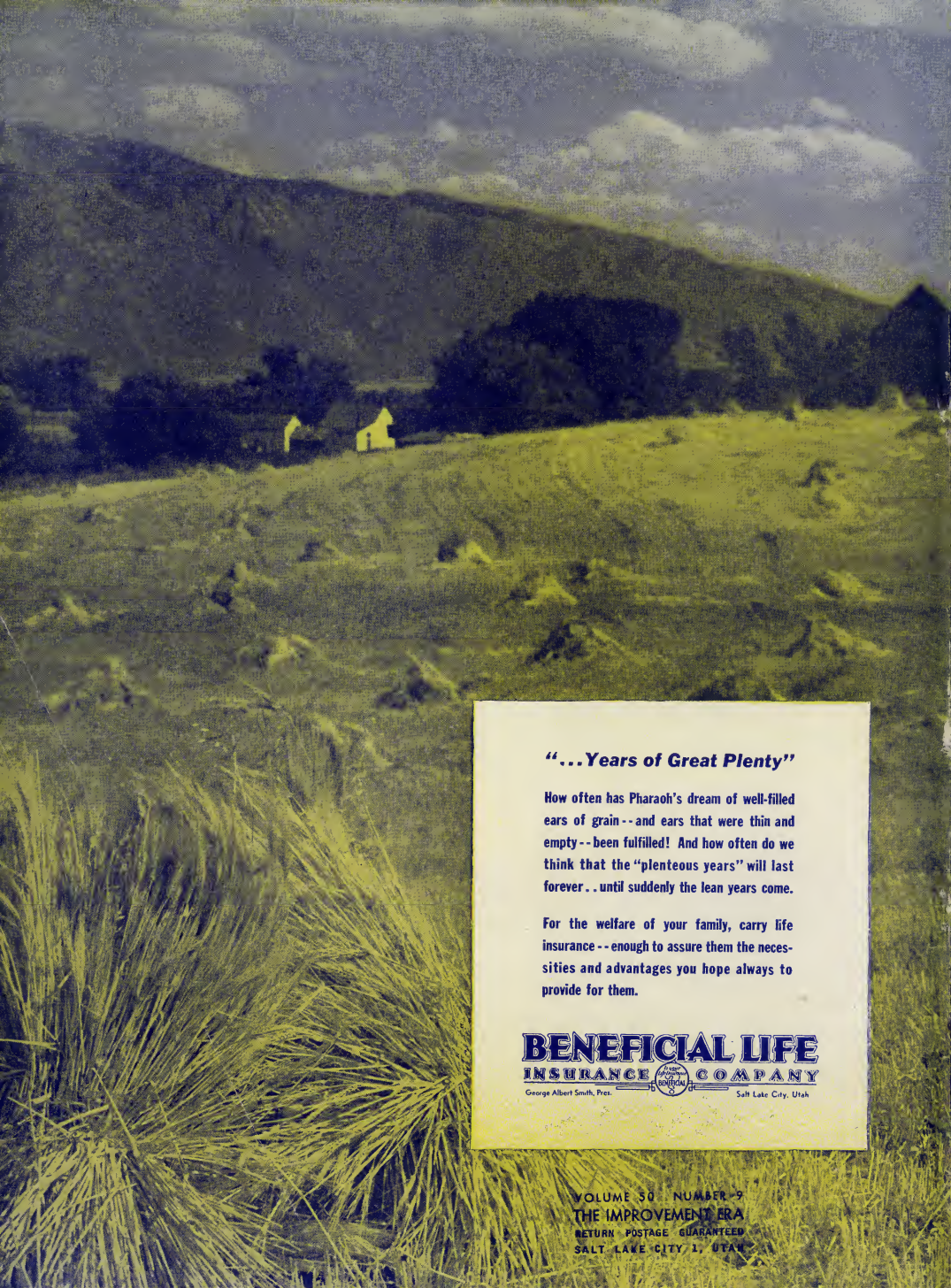
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